

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2849.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
COAL CONFERENCE AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE } BY POST, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>D.



AN ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

After Eugen von Blaas.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A Cornish magistrate has been, it is said, shocking the neighbourhood by smoking a cigar on the bench. It seems to have added to the shock that it was a "well selected" cigar. No great harm seems to have been done, but "it is hoped that this outrage on decorum will not be repeated." It is a far cry, it is true, from Cornwall to Scotland, but we are told by Sir Walter Scott that in the Highlands—at all events, "abune the pass"—it was not thought indecorous for the Duke's factor to smoke in church. There is no doubt that if the practice were permitted in the Lowlands, it would largely increase the male attendance, and "where the men go the women will go." This is, however, one of the reforms that have not yet been discussed at the Church Congress. The effect of tobacco is to soothe the mind and render it judicious. In the United States, if we are to believe the picture papers, it is the constant practice of judges in the Western districts to mitigate their judicial labours with a cigar. It is not so long ago that our own judges used to take snuff in public without causing any scandal; and snuff is only another form of tobacco. Of course, there were some persons who objected to it, and contended that "If the Creator had intended our nose for a dust-shovel He would have turned it the other way up"; but it is really impossible to please everybody.

In my young days it was quite common to see old people taking snuff in church—a practice rather encouraged by the preacher because it made them wakeful; but there was a time when the habit was inveighed against as vehemently as that of smoking is by our modern fanatics. Lord Stanhope even took the trouble to calculate the time wasted by the inveterate snuff-taker: "He takes a pinch at a moderate computation every ten minutes, and every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing his nose and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. . . . Taking sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day this amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if the practice be persisted in for forty years two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose and two more to blowing it." It must be remembered, however, that while taking snuff you can do nothing else, whereas while smoking tobacco you can do a good many things, so that you need not be an idle man even if you indulge in the habit to the extent ascribed by Lilly to the Buckingham parson, who "was so given over to smoking that when his supply of tobacco failed him he would cut the bell-ropes and smoke them."

The first person who ever smoked tobacco in the metropolis was Captain William Myddleton, the brother of that Sir Hugh who brought the New River, then called Myddleton's Water, to London; but the taste for it seems to have been acquired with great rapidity. "From about the middle of Elizabeth's reign," writes Sir John Cullum, "till within almost everybody's memory, there has been scarcely any old house without its smoking-room"; it was quite as common, he goes on to say, as "that modern indispensable apartment, a powdering-room for the hair." The right of selling tobacco was purchased for large sums so early as 1633. It was disposed of by life-leases, and three or four dealers were allowed in the great towns. In this way Plymouth yielded as much as £200 to the Exchequer yearly. In Gamble's "Views of Society" we read that quite at the beginning of the century it was admitted that "smoking humanises the heart, while drunkenness hardens it, and that tobacco, like tea, produces sobriety"; and yet even now there are people foolish enough to accuse it of fostering the desire for drink.

The frequency of suicide in this country is not only in itself deplorable, but still more so as regards its cause, which in the vast majority of cases is extreme depression. It is curious that the case which has been taken as a crucial one by an advocate of the rights of a human being to cut short his own existence was an exceptional one; it was that of a young man who failed in a literary career, and thought no other was worth pursuing. It is scarcely uncharitable, even though we are speaking of the dead, to say that the disease that proved fatal to this individual was unsatisfied vanity. His case, however, is an exceptional one, and, to my mind, far less pitiable than that of those who voluntarily quit a world which denies them even work. It is remarkable how temperate and tender are the farewells of these poor people: "I have tried my best, but I have got no employment; when I ask for it I am told I am too old. I can no longer be a burthen to my children." Some of them again are full of piety: "If I am doing wrong, may God forgive me. My dear ones will get on better without me, which must be my excuse. Let them think as kindly of me and of what I am going to do as they can; I am useless, and life is too hard. If there is no heaven for such as I am there will be surely rest." These utterances, however blameworthy, are not selfish. They are interspersed with loving messages and gentle apologies, not, like that of Charles II., for dying so slowly, but for dying at all. There is not a trace of lunacy in nine out of ten of them; there is also no romance—of the French kind at least—but an

infinite pathos. Two old people, man and wife, drown themselves because their only refuge is the workhouse, where, as they think, they will be separated. It is hard indeed to know where to lay the blame in such a case, though some highly respectable writers, I notice, find no difficulty in it; but they were probably not going into the workhouse themselves, nor would, perhaps, have had any objection to be separated from their wives if they had been. Their argument is that the old couple should have considered the possibility of things being even more disagreeable for them in the next world than in this. It is possible, of course, but suggests a quotation—

Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

On the other hand, there have been one or two recent instances of the "epidemic" in question which arouse no sort of pity, and may be called anarchic; the victims are consumed by the *sæva indignatio* of which Swift offers so melancholy an instance, and on apparently as insufficient grounds. "I beg to curse the entire world," writes one gentleman (in chalk) on leaving it. This, though brief, is as comprehensive as the commination in "Tristram Shandy."

It is said that there has been no man so philosophic and "four-square to all the winds that blew," as not to be moved by one particular domestic occurrence—twins. It is a thing the human mind is utterly unprepared for, and, fortunately, it very seldom happens. A well-known physician has been wont for years to receive from his married friends a sovereign when they are blessed with an infant, upon the understanding that he is to give them a hundred pounds if the blessing is duplicated; and he has never yet been called upon for his part of the bargain. It is not generally understood how rare is the double event. And how much rarer, of course, is triplets, the occurrence which her Majesty herself is wont to accentuate by the present of three guineas. In this case, the unexpected blessing, though three-fold, has been always more or less temporary. After having made their sensation, and got their money, one, or two, or all the triplets retire from the world they have astonished, before maturity. But now the papers tell us that at Leamington, a triplet has, for the first time in the history of medical science, attained its majority. We have heard of Pompey and Cæsar being very much alike, "especially Pompey," but here is also Scipio as like as the other two. What a "coming of age" they must have had! Three oxen roasted whole, one supposes, instead of one, which in their case would be more easily accomplished than in most (if they could only have got the coals) because their father, one reads, is "a cattleman."

The persons who have votes in this country have the means of calling attention to their grievances; those who have no votes don't count—on a division—and very few can be got to listen to them. Otherwise, when so much is said about a "living wage" and an Eight Hours Bill there might be a word or two about the slaves of the counter. An Assistant Commissioner's report on the employment of women gives us some deplorable details of the lives of our shopwomen. It is no wonder that their motto should be "Marry anybody to get out of the drapery business." Out of forty-eight shops, in only two did the hours of weekly labour fall to the sum which in other trades we are told is sufficient, and there were two to redress the balance where the hours were seventy-three! In eleven cases the hours were fifty-three, in twelve fifty-seven, in thirteen sixty-two, and in eight sixty-seven. One poor girl of fifteen, in a wool and tobacco shop, worked twelve hours per diem, and fifteen and a half on Saturday. Her only "times off" were Bank Holiday afternoons. She had twenty minutes allowed for dinner, and just time to swallow her tea. And yet it is generally understood that slavery is abolished in England. Her "living wage" was four shillings and sixpence a week the first year, rising in the third year to five shillings and threepence, out of which she had to pay for her breakfast. Not only are the hours long and the wages small of this unhappy class, but fines are imposed upon them for the most trifling causes. For coming in five minutes late, sixpence; for forgetting anything, one shilling; for a losing a duplicate bill, two shillings and sixpence; for a mistake in their book, sixpence; for sending out a parcel to a wrong address, sixpence. In one shop there were forty fines, and in another (in not very gallant little Wales), one hundred. In one house, everyone who left the counter from illness was fined. The description of Mr. Tagrag's establishment in "Ten Thousand a Year" appears not to have been overdone. Of course these things do not happen in the best establishments; but they do in the great majority. That they do so is a disgrace to this country; and the more so since it is because no political capital can be made out of the victims that their cries are not listened to.

Three serious outrages upon humanity have been committed in the name of justice. Two high-spirited young men whose only error (if it can be called such) was to half-strangle an aged invalid, a course of conduct necessitated by his obstinate disinclination to be robbed of his watch

and chain, have been condemned in addition to imprisonment to receive five strokes of the cat; while another young fellow, convicted, it is true, of robbing and grossly insulting a young girl (but one must surely make allowance for a little geniality) has been actually sentenced to twenty strokes with the same instrument of torture! It is shocking to contemplate the moral shock which so humiliating a punishment is only too likely to give to these tender and youthful natures. Let us only hope that they may not become brutalised and take to acts of violence upon helpless and inoffensive persons. This severity (which revives the times of the Middle Ages) is said to have already affected the gaiety of a large section of the community whose amusements have long been of a similar kind, and who have been hitherto enabled to "do" what little punishments were allotted to them "on their heads." However, if the tear of sympathy can avail the victims, they have got it in bucketfuls; the eyes of sentiment are brimming, like those of Mr. Job Trotter, over their calamity. There is no question on which the humane and the humanitarians differ more widely.

The brother of Sheridan Lefanu has given us an autobiography, "Seventy Years of Irish Life," much of which is entertaining; but what is said of the novelist is very little. This will be disappointing to all who know and admire his works; he is the least appreciated of all our good story-tellers, and one would gladly have heard more about him. It is curious that his brother seems to have had no more intelligent appreciation of his genius than the ordinary reader, for when stating that "The Cock and Anchor" and "The Fortunes of Turloch O'Brien," his first and second books, were unsuccessful, he adds, "I know not why, for they were quite equal to his most successful novels," which is by no means the case; indeed, all the others are far better. Moreover, he falls into the error of supposing Sheridan Lefanu was a humourist; whereas of humour he was singularly deficient. His genius was weird and gruesome, and far surpasses in sustained and dramatic power even that of Edgar Poe. Nevertheless, we are given two examples of Sheridan Lefanu's wit (not, so far as I know, to be found in his published works), for which one ought to be thankful. "Marriage," he says, "is like the small-pox; a man may have it mildly, but he generally carries the marks of it with him to his grave." And, again, a cynical Irish farmer is represented as thus addressing his son: "You see, my boy, a man's life naturally divides itself into three distinct periods. The first is that in which he is plannin' and contrivin' all sorts of villainy and rascality; the second is that in which he is puttin' into practice the villainy and rascality he contrived before; that is the prime of life, the flower of manhood. The third and last period is that in which he is 'making his soul' and preparin' for another world. That is the period of dotage."

As for our autobiographer himself, he is full of fun, and restores to his fellow-countrymen much of their lost reputation for it. This is what an invalid who has tried the miraculous powers of Knock Chapel tells him about them: "Indeed, Sir, I took all the rounds and said all the prayers, but it was of no use; not but what it's a grand place. It would astonish you to see all the sticks and crutches hanging up there, left behind by poor cripples who went home cured. It's my opinion, Sir, that for rheumatism, and the like of that, it's a grand place entirely; but as for the liver, it's not worth a d—n." They seem to believe in doctors' prescriptions in Ireland quite as much as in chapel-healing, but after an Irish fashion. A man in Limerick went to order a coffin. "What! is poor Pat dead?" said the undertaker. "No, he's not dead yet, but he'll die to-night, for the doctor says he can't live till morning, and he knows what he gave him."

Since his early days, Mr. Lefanu tells us, he has seen a vast improvement in everything in Ireland except as to religious intolerance, but that is as bad as ever. The proselytising that went on at one time has, however, much diminished. Its effect, as usual, was temporary and in view of temporal advantages. On one occasion Mr. A had occasion to rebuke one of those would-be converts: "I'll promise you nothing whatever. Do you think I am like Mahomet, to take converts on any terms?" "And ain't I to get anything for turning?" "Certainly not. Go away; I am ashamed of you!" "Well, Heaven bless your Raverence anyway; and maybe your Raverence would tell me where that Mr. Mahomet stops." It is pleasant to find, however, that even a Bishop can sometimes see the humour of a statement which seems to tell against him. The late worthy Catholic Bishop of Raphoe used often to tell this story with much enjoyment: "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck, and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your Reverence; he stirred a little.' So I stooped down and said to him, 'My poor man, you're nearly gone;—but just try to say one little word, or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and he said, 'Bloody end to the Pope!' and so died."



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

To use an Irish phrase, Mr. Walter McLaren ought to be "a proud man this day." He came within an ace of defeating Mr. Asquith on the question of "contracting out" of the Employers' Liability Bill. He has actually defeated Mr. Fowler on the question of extending the franchise under the Local Government Bill to women, married and single, who happen to be ratepayers. For the first time the Government found themselves in a minority, and Mr. T. W. Russell, who had only just returned to the House—and still imagined, apparently, that the business was Home Rule—genially invited them to resign. More striking still was the performance of Mr. Courtney. Usually the most sober and undemonstrative of men, he was positively wild with delight over this victory for his feminine clients. He shouted, he waved his arms, and generally comported himself with such emotion that the Ministers were plainly alarmed. They held a Cabinet Council, and decided that Mr. Courtney must be conciliated at all hazards, and that Mr. Walter McLaren must be allowed to feel that he and not Ireland, controls the destinies of this Government. So Mr. Fowler came down to the House in a most expansive mood, and announced that he would go even further for sweet woman's sake than Mr. McLaren, by allowing married women to vote not only for the purposes of this Bill, but also for all local administration whatever, including municipal councils. There was one dash of alloy in this concession, however. Mr. Fowler will not give to single women, servants, and lodgers the privilege he offers to women who are married and rated separately from their husbands. Perhaps it was this limitation which so far chastened Mr. Courtney's joy that he contented himself with a beaming smile, and did not, as I feared he would, execute a *pas seul* in the middle of the floor.

But in his anxiety to please Mr. Courtney and Mr. McLaren, the President of the Local Government Board forgot all about Mr. Chamberlain. The Liberal Unionist has returned, looking bronzed and well-looking (as the Serjeant-at-Arms suggested to me in a whisper) like the Bold Buccaneer of the Bahamas—and in that genial glow which the hardest fighter feels when he finds himself once more in the assembly which is very dull without him. Mr. Chamberlain celebrated the renewal of his Parliamentary duties by voting with the Government against the Conservatives on the question whether a parish meeting should vote upon the propriety of establishing a parish council by a bare majority or a two-thirds majority. The Tories wanted a two-thirds majority, and were manfully resisted by Mr. Heneage and Mr. Powell Williams, who declared that had a two-thirds majority controlled the affairs of Birmingham, that city would not be the model municipality that it is. Mr. Chamberlain smiled radiantly on some of his doughtiest foes, notably Sir William Harcourt and Professor Stuart; and for a while it seemed as if the Liberal party were united once more. But next day Mr. Chamberlain was in a somewhat different mood. He found it necessary to give a plain warning to his "right honourable friends" on the Treasury bench. Mr. Fowler had just made Mr. Courtney quite happy, when Mr. Chamberlain rose, and inquired in his mellifluous way whether he was really to understand that the Government proposed to allow married ladies who pay rates to vote for town councils. Mr. Fowler, a little disturbed, confessed that this was the case; whereupon Mr. Chamberlain intimated that when the clause embodying this revolutionary proposal came before the Committee he should oppose it. Mr. Courtney continued to beam as if nothing had happened, but it was manifest that a cloud had fallen upon Mr. Fowler. Before he could recover his spirits he heard the cheery voice of Mr. Labouchere roundly denouncing him as faithless to the Newcastle programme. The House was a little puzzled at first by this indictment, but presently the Opposition benches were elated to find that Mr. Labouchere was castigating the Government for having abandoned the great and glorious principle of "one man one vote." Mr. Fowler looked at Mr. Acland, and Mr. Acland looked at Sir William Harcourt, and Sir William Harcourt gazed at the glass roof, as who should say, "Was ever a steadfast, upright, and conscientious Chancellor of the Exchequer so beset by unworthy suspicions?" The act of treason of which Mr. Labouchere complained with such energy that he quite forgot to keep his right hand ensconced in his trouser pocket, but flourished it in the air—the act of treason, I say, appeared to be this: Mr. Fowler actually proposed to allow non-resident property-owners to vote in every parish in which this property happened to be situated. "What is this," demanded the member for Northampton, "but plural voting in its most odious form?"

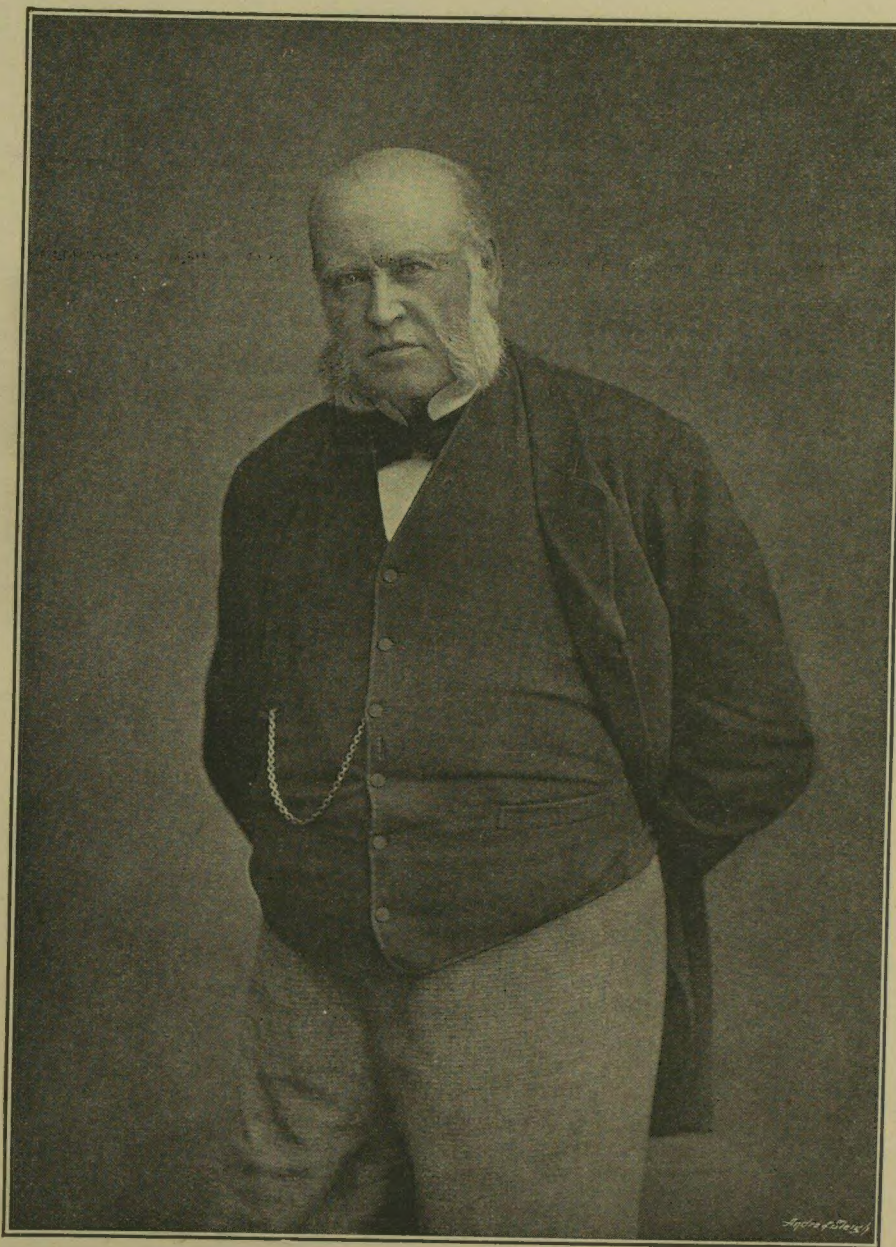
Mr. Fowler was too much pained by this charge of base treachery to the Newcastle Programme to make a very luminous reply; but he moved along to the end of the Treasury bench in order to explain, probably to Mr. Labouchere, that he had been wholly misunderstood. It was left to Mr. Everett, a Suffolk farmer, who sits behind Mr. Fowler, to explain that "one man one vote" had no application to parochial affairs, as a landowner had a perfect right to a voice in the administration of a parish which contained his property, even if he did not live there. However, Mr. Labouchere led seventy-five Radicals into the lobby against the Government

and seemed extremely pleased with this achievement. Then the accents of Sir Richard Temple fell upon careless ears. Sir Richard had discovered a statute of George III., passed in the year 1818, and he read some of its provisions to show how much superior was legislation then to legislation now. The point of the superiority was that in 1818 the wisdom of our lawgivers was in favour of giving a property-owner an electoral power proportioned to his stake in the country. Mr. Fowler hinted that a good deal had happened since the year of grace which commanded Sir Richard's admiration. Then Sir Richard rose in wrath, and insisted on unfolding that legislative oracle of 1818 all over again. I am told that he entertains his constituents with a weekly chronicle of Parliament, and no doubt he will give them a better opportunity of appreciating this precious relic of bygone statesmanship than was afforded to a frivolous and indifferent House.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## SIR ROBERT MORIER.

Not since the death of the "Great Eltchi," whom in his character and methods he so much resembled, has English diplomacy had to deplore so serious a loss as that of the late Sir Robert Burnett David Morier, her Majesty's



THE LATE SIR ROBERT MORIER, G.C.B.  
From a Photograph by Watery, Regent Street.

representative at the Court of the Czar. The only colleague who could be compared with him in point of talent and force of character was the late Sir William White; and it was hard to say which of them was most entitled to the compliment of being called (which each, in turn, had been) the "Bismarck of English diplomacy." On the whole, perhaps, Sir Robert had the better claim to the title; and that was one of the reasons, no doubt, why he stood higher in the scale of the Chancellor's personal dislikes than Sir William. On the other hand, the Czar, who, with all his failings, is no mean judge of men, had formed so very high an opinion of Sir Robert's character that he was inconsolable at the prospect of the ambassador's transfer to Rome, and actually prevailed upon his Government to let him stay where he was. Sir Robert, too, was just as fond of the Russians as the latter were of him, proving, what has often been said, that the two peoples only require to know each other better in order to be warm friends.

With the exception of five years' residence at Lisbon and three at Madrid, Sir Robert Morier had spent all his diplomatic life in German-speaking lands, and it was truly said of him that no single Englishman knew so much about Germany, her language, literature, and politics, as he. But he was much too Liberal in his own politics ever to find favour in the eyes of Bismarck; so that when the Berlin Embassy fell vacant by the death of Lord Ampthill, it had to be given to a man who, with all his qualifications for the post, was very much less of a German specialist than our Minister at Madrid. Such anomalies as these result from the diplomatic rule that the wishes of the

Court receiving an ambassador must form a chief consideration with the Government which fair would send him thither. But at St. Petersburg Sir Robert Morier soon became the same *persona gratissima* as he had proved at all his previous posts; and it added to Bismarck's dislike of his English *bête noir* that the latter quickly brought about a better understanding between England and Russia.

In his vivacity, power of imagination, and fluency of speech, which was sometimes of a very strong and even tempestuous kind, Sir Robert bore distinct traces of his Huguenot descent; but his huge and muscular frame, his honest gentleman-farmer-like face, his hatred of shams, his truthfulness, sincerity, and straightforwardness were all thoroughly British—so much so, indeed, that it would have been hard to find a more representative Englishman—not to lie, but to speak the truth abroad for the benefit of his country. One of his kin had done this before him, with pre-eminent results; and Sir Robert Morier had the faculty of his uncle James—the author of "Hadji Baba of Ispahan," and other charming works about Persia—for penetrating the mind of an alien people, and looking at things, as should the ideal ambassador, from their particular point of view. Unfortunately for his reputation with the public, an ambassador's words and ways are secret, as from the very nature of his mission they must be. But the archives of the Foreign Office contain abundant proof of the fact that it

was never better served than by the late Sir Robert Morier, who was at once a scholar and a gentleman of the first order—ardent in his patriotism, masterful in his methods, strong in his convictions, rich in resourcefulness, and pure in his life.

THE GREAT FIRE  
IN THE OLD BAILEY.

The fire on Wednesday night, Nov. 15, beginning in the Old Bailey and extending into Fleet Lane nearly to the back of Belle Sauvage Yard, destroyed many small dwelling-houses and shops, but did not cause so much damage as was feared to the large printing-houses and other industrial establishments in that neighbourhood. It made an immense blaze, and drew a large number of spectators.

## ROYALTY AT LINCOLN'S INN.

On Friday, Nov. 17, it was "Grand Day" of Michaelmas Term for the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and the Prince of Wales was a guest at the dinner given by the Treasurer and the Benchers. The fine hall presented a very animated appearance, as there were about 430 members of the Inn and guests in company, and 300 barristers. Owing to the limited space fifty of the students had to dine in the gallery. The tables were decorated with flowers. The Treasurer, Sir Charles Russell, was supported on his right by the Prince of Wales, Lord Hobhouse, and Mr. Gladstone, and on his left by Prince Kitiyakara, son of the King of Siam, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Alcester. Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, several of the judges, and members of both Houses of Parliament were present. There were no speeches, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner. Mr. Gladstone, who was at one time a student at Lincoln's Inn, dined there with the Benchers on June 26, 1889.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKE  
CONFERENCE.

Public anxiety has been immensely relieved by the speedy success of Lord Rosebery in stopping, at any rate for a time, this disastrous suspension of needful labour, by which hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children

in the mining and manufacturing districts have during sixteen weeks past been deprived of their wages and means of subsistence, while the total loss by interruption of trade, and by the rise of the price of coal, is estimated at five or six millions sterling. The following terms were agreed upon on Friday, Nov. 17, after two hours and a half of discussion by the conference at the Foreign Office, with Lord Rosebery in the chair, between the representatives of the Federated Coal-owners and of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, fourteen on each side—

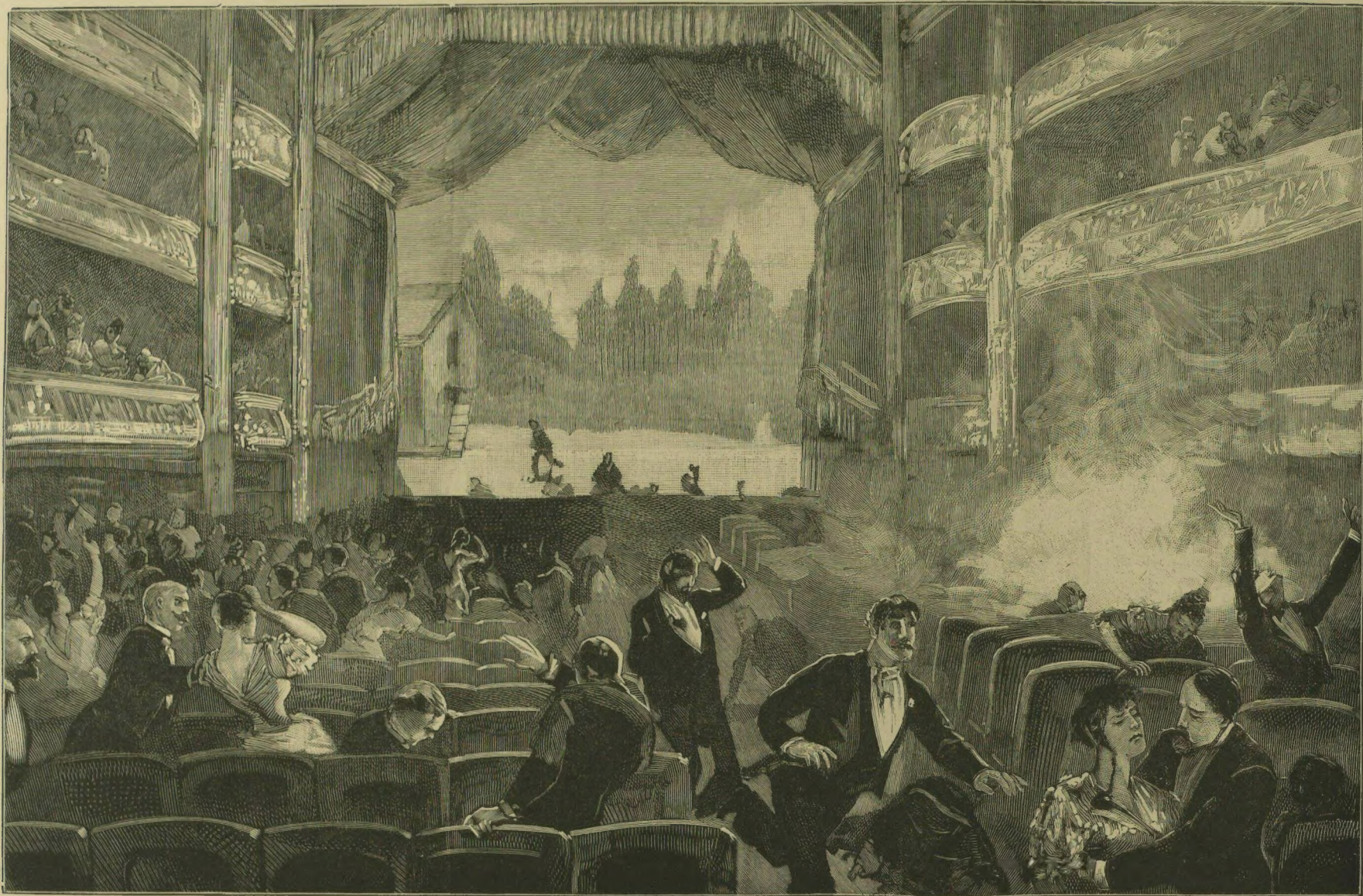
"(1) That a Board of Conciliation be constituted forthwith, to last for one year at least, consisting of an equal number of coal-owners and miners' representatives, fourteen of each. They shall at their first meeting endeavour to elect a chairman from outside, and, should they fail, will ask the Speaker of the House of Commons to nominate one; the chairman to have a casting vote. That the Board when constituted shall have power to determine from time to time the rate of wages on and from Feb. 1, 1894; the first meeting to be on Wednesday, Dec. 13, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. That the men resume work at once at the old rate of wages until Feb. 1. It is agreed that all collieries, so far as practicable, be reopened for work forthwith, and that, so far as practicable, no impediment be placed in the way of the return of the men to work."

This agreement is signed on behalf of the coal-owners by Mr. A. M. Chambers, chairman, and Mr. Thomas Radcliffe Ellis, secretary; on behalf of the Miners' Federation by Mr. Benjamin Pickard, chairman, and Mr. Thomas Ashton, secretary, and by Lord Rosebery, chairman of the conference, and by Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, secretary of the conference.



## THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE AT THE BARCELONA THEATRE.

FROM SKETCHES BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

All classes of society in Spain continue to feel great alarm and indignation, and to demand of the Government severe measures for the suppression of the Anarchist conspiracy, in consequence of the hideous crime which was perpetrated on Tuesday, Nov. 7, in the Liceo Theatre, or opera-house, of the city of Barcelona. Some account of this atrocious outrage, by which thirty persons were killed and eighty others were more or less seriously injured, was given in our Journal a week ago. It was eleven o'clock in the evening, and the performance of the second act of "William Tell" had just begun, when two dynamite bombs were thrown from the upper gallery into the middle of the orchestra stalls. Only one exploded, with dreadful effect; the other was afterwards found in the stalls. The explosion had taken place in the first seats of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and twelfth rows of stalls, close to the passage in the centre of the theatre. There were found lying near one another fifteen disfigured and singed bodies, and many persons badly injured. Six of them were men in evening dress, and nine were ladies. Five of the dead belonged to one well-known family, and four were foreigners. Several persons in the boxes and galleries were wounded by fragments of the bomb or flying splinters of the stalls. The police afterwards found in different parts of the theatre three bombs similar to the one discovered close to the scene of the explosion. They were able to arrest two noted Anarchists in the upper gallery from which the bombs were thrown. The Italian prisoner, Alberto Soldanes, who was arrested on suspicion, is said to have avowed that he is the author of the outrage.



CORRIDOR AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



STAIRCASE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



## NELSON AT MONTREAL.

The attempt to blow up with dynamite the Nelson Monument at Montreal discloses a singular convulsion of local sentiment. The monument has been attacked with great vehemence by a certain section of the French Canadian Press. One journal made itself conspicuous by describing Nelson as "an adulterous hero" whose memory might be prized by his immoral countrymen, but whose statue was an insult to the virtue of the French citizens of Montreal. As the monument stands in that quarter of the city which apparently prides itself both on its morality and its fidelity to French traditions, the authorities were peremptorily called upon to remove it. Had the matter rested here, it might have been regarded as slightly comic. It is impossible to feel very serious about the indignation of journalists who profess to be desperately shocked by the tales of Nelson's private life nearly a century after his death. A monument of Danton or of Mirabeau might be more to the taste of these moralists, who would probably forget Danton's maxim (on which he acted with great liberality), that to understand the people you must share their vices; and who would forget the orgies of Mirabeau in the splendour of his eloquence? But the probability



ATTEMPTED DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN MONTREAL:  
THE NELSON MONUMENT, JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

is that the French Canadian journalists are suffering from an attack of Chauvinism much more virulent and ridiculous than the wildest outburst of patriotism on the boulevards of Paris. Even the most violent enemy of England in the Paris

any real discontent among the French population of Canada with the rule under which they live, and that a few notoriety-hunting scribblers are in a fair way to excite dangerous animosity against England by denouncing Nelson. They might as well try to irritate English public opinion by reminding us of the Norman Conquest. But when militiamen, including the sons of ex-Prime Ministers, get to dabbling with dynamite, it is necessary to give these young meddlers a severe lesson, which might be probably extended to the persons who egged them on.

Press has forgotten all about the Nile and Trafalgar, and does not think it worth while to rake up stories of Lady Hamilton. The lack of historical perspective in the minds of these French Canadian journalists must seem rather grotesque to M. Henri Rochefort and M. Paul de Cassagnac. But the incident is made serious by the practical consequences of these furious diatribes against the Nelson Monument. Three officers of militia are caught in the dead of the night just as they are about to destroy the monument with dynamite. One of them is actually the son of M. Mercier, late Premier of Quebec. We have not the smallest doubt that this episode will make the vast majority of French Canadians acutely conscious of the gross discredit which has been brought upon their common-sense by an agitation which, if it had any political meaning, would be incompatible with their loyalty to the Empire. It would be just as rational to protest against the Wolfe Memorial on the heights of Abraham. Nobody imagines that there is



THE GREAT FIRE IN THE OLD BAILEY.  
From a Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## PERSONAL.

The choice of Dr. Jowett's successor in the Mastership of Balliol has fallen upon Professor Edward Caird, younger brother of Principal Caird. Professor Caird is one of the most distinguished ornaments of Glasgow scholarship, but the election of a Scotchman seems to have taken Oxford by surprise, and it is stated that Mr. Caird owes his success to the casting vote of his opponent, Mr. Strachan Davidson.



Photo by J. S. Hart, Glasgow.  
PROFESSOR EDWARD CAIRD,  
New Master of Balliol College.

Curiously enough, Mr. Caird, though he was formerly a student at Balliol, where he went as Snell scholar from Glasgow, had a more intimate connection with Merton College, of which he was a Fellow. On the other hand, the new Master represents in a very notable degree the traditional attachment of Balliol to the most exacting philosophy. Professor Caird is known to his pupils as the most inspiring spirit of the English Hegelian school, and as one of the most successful teachers of his day. Balliol may miss Dr. Jowett's personal qualities, but its new Master is fully worthy of its best associations.

The famous "Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi was performed for the first time in London for some years by the students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, Nov. 20. This remarkable work, composed shortly before Pergolesi's death (in 1736) for the Confraternity of San Luigi di Palazzo (who paid for it in advance the liberal sum of thirty-five shillings), was written for boys' voices with accompaniment of strings and organ, and it was now given as nearly as possible in its original form, the only important difference lying in the fact that female voices were used instead of boys'. The beautiful and often pathetic music produced its full effect, and though here and there the setting of a number scarcely reflected the tragic solemnity of the text, one could not fail to admire the originality of the composer's ideas and his delightful manner of expressing them. The solos were divided among Miss Simons, Miss Care, Miss Minnie Robinson, Miss Galbraith, Miss Burns, and Miss Dafforne. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the Principal, conducted.

Goldmark's pianoforte quartet in B flat, Op. 30, was added to the repertory of the Popular Concerts on Monday, Nov. 20. It is rather an early work of the Hungarian composer's, and by no means one of his best. The themes are lacking in spontaneity and interest, while the development of the various subjects is, as a rule, mechanical and laborious. The performance of the quintet would have benefited by another rehearsal. Individually, such executants as Lady Hallé, Messrs. Schönberger, Ries, Gibson, and Piatti might have been equal to a much heavier demand upon their powers, but the fact remains that they were frequently not well together, while the rendering of the first movement especially was marred by several perceptible blemishes. Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 101, was attacked by Herr Schönberger with notable spirit, but not much poetry of feeling. Lady Hallé was most successful in Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," while the greatest hit of the concert was that achieved by Mr. David Bispham in Loewe's ballad "Archibald Douglas."

The death of Lord Ebury removes one of the staunchest supporters of the Evangelical element in the Church of England.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street.  
THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD EBURY.

any party in the Church to initiate. Lord Ebury, who was the third son of the first Marquis of Westminster, was the oldest member of the Privy Council, to which body he was appointed some years before her Majesty's accession. He served in Lord Grey's Government in 1830 and in Lord John Russell's Ministry in 1846; and he was raised to the Peerage by Lord Palmerston. When he sat in the House of Commons as Lord Robert Grosvenor, he conceived the idea of enforcing the observance of the Sabbath in London by shutting the public-houses and prohibiting all trading on that day. He introduced a Bill with this object. His Bill never had the smallest chance of being seriously considered, but it caused grave riots in London.

Mr. Lecky delivered an eloquent lecture at the Imperial Institute on the relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies. It was in the main a plea for the imperial instinct of our race against the politicians who are indifferent or hostile to colonial expansion. Mr. Lecky laid great stress on the ties of sentiment which bind the Empire together, and on the policy which has left the Colonies full liberty of self-development. He drew a picture of the unfortunate condition of England supposing our industries were paralysed and the loss of our Colonies deprived us of the outlet of emigration. Perhaps Mr. Lecky is a little too sanguine as to the present prospects of emigration, for it is doubtful whether the Australian colonies would be very enthusiastic about any large influx of labour from these islands. The spirit of colonial aggrandisement is marked by a diminishing desire on the part of those who have to share their new possessions with the "have nots" who are impelled to quit England and seek their fortune over the seas. Moreover, it is not certain that the conditions of colonial development make it easy to maintain even the elastic bond between the colonists and the Colonial Office. Even had George III. been wise enough to conciliate the American colonies, instead of vainly trying to coerce them, who can believe that the North American continent would have been governed from Downing Street to this day?

The agitation about the state of the Navy may be said to have culminated in the striking memorandum of Lord Charles Beresford. This distinguished officer has never been classed with the ordinary alarmists. He claims, and with good reason, that the Naval Defence Act of 1888 was really an embodiment of the proposals which he submitted to the Government of that day only a few months before the new legislation was introduced. Lord Charles now proposes that, in order to make the Navy unquestionably superior to the combined navies of France and Russia, the country shall spend in about three years and a half rather more than eighteen millions sterling. For this sum England will make her fleet one-third stronger than those of the two Powers which are her possible enemies in a great naval war. In addition, Lord Charles suggests that we shall purchase from the Turkish Government the island of Lemnos or some other island in the east of the Mediterranean with a good harbour. As a base of naval operations, Cyprus, according to this authority, is useless. This is pleasant for people who still cling to the belief that Cyprus was one of our priceless possessions.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is a post for British diplomatic agency still needing the services of an able man; and in the absence of Captain Jones, who comes to England for the discussion of Siamese affairs at the Foreign Office, Mr. J. A. M. Scott, C.I.E., chief political officer in the Northern Shan States, is deemed the best man who could have been appointed to be "Chargé d'Affaires."



MR. J. A. M. SCOTT,  
Chargé d'Affaires in Siam.

a Scottish Church minister at Dairsie, in Fifeshire, was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and went out to Burmah as teacher in Dr. Marks' missionary college. Having obtained a wide and close acquaintance, in about six years, with the Burmese people, their language, manners, and customs, he wrote a very instructive and entertaining book, "The Burman, his Life and Nation," using the nom de plume of "Shway Yoe," which was published in 1882. He accompanied, in 1884 and 1885, the French military campaign in Tonkin as a special newspaper correspondent, and produced another book on that subject. These works gained the approval of the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, and of the Commander-in-Chief, now Lord Roberts, leading to his official employment in Burmah, where he has acted with remarkable tact, skill, and sound judgment, and showed much courage in his behaviour upon several occasions when the authority of friendly Shan chiefs was menaced by insurgents or usurpers.

Mr. Henschel is said to be never happier than when he is wielding the bâton, unless it be when he is accompanying Mrs. Henschel in one of his own songs. Musicians can understand both little weaknesses, and, what is more, readily forgive them, since in either capacity Mr. Henschel displays genuine ability and is seen to great advantage. It is as a conductor, however, that he has made most progress of late years. He understands that branch of his profession a vast deal better to-day than he did ten years ago, when he went across the Atlantic to take the direction of the Boston Symphony Concerts. To this particular fact, no less than to abundant patience and perseverance, may be attributed the growing success of the London Symphony Concerts, which have just started upon their eighth season with a tolerably full subscription and other indications of increasing public support. The orchestra greatly distinguished itself in the C minor symphony of Brahms and the "Elégie," for strings, played in memory of Tchaikovsky; while Mdlle. Frida Scotta gave a delightfully artistic, if somewhat cold rendering of Max Bruch's G minor violin concerto, and Mr. Plunket Greene infused his wonted fervour into a new song, "Prince Madoc's Farewell," written by Professor Stanford. These things formed the staple of an interesting programme, the execution of which afforded all-round satisfaction.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There is much good acting to be seen in London just now. I don't so much allude to the Lady Teazle of Miss Ada Rehan or the compact and admirable cast of "Diplomacy" at the Garrick, or the brilliant performance of Mr. Pinero's play at the St. James's, as the pleasant surprise, for instance, of such a performance as "Gudgeons" at Terry's Theatre. The play, whose authors are Mr. Murray Carson and Mr. Louis Parker, is extremely well written; it is a new and clever version of a very familiar stage theme. The aristocratic insolent adventurer; the down-trodden, pale-faced, worried, and submissive wife; the rich American girl in search of a husband; the penniless barrister too proud to accept the hand of any girl who is not as destitute as he is; the quick-witted American go-between who prefers cash payments to sentiment—all these are familiar stage types, but they have been used to good purpose. The play wants variety of expression and a heightening of interest, but it serves its purpose in presenting some very promising actors and actresses in a new and improved light. If I mistake not, Mr. Herbert Waring and Mr. Murray Carson are among the actors of the future. Mr. Waring, of course, has had the greater experience of the two; he has seldom, if ever, done anything that was not interesting to the student of acting, but it was well for him to get out of a groove. It does not do to go on playing either good virtuous men or scheming beetle-browed villains for ever. The Ffolliott Treherne of the new play is, of course, an echo of familiar characters painted for us by Thackeray and Dickens. The authors must not be blamed on that account. They could not have gone to better models. But Mr. Waring gives the shoddy aristocrat a new individuality. He lives in the part. He becomes the man he is describing. By his restlessness and activity of mind he keeps the dramatic game alive. Such acting as this makes other people act. Acting without mind, acting with the words spoken and the intellect dead as it were, not only depresses the scene but communicates a strange drowsiness to the audience. Mark how the alertness of Mr. Waring in this play changes all this. His mercurial power is so great that it charges his companions with electricity, and a stage full of people so charged wakes up the audience to attention. Have you never noticed how two stupid actors or incompetent actresses at the beginning of a play, charged with the important duty of starting the keynote of the composition, destroy the attention of the audience at one blow? They think—silly people—that they have nothing to do with the plot, that they are not heroes or heroines, that they will soon have "got their work done" and be home to supper; whereas their part in the play is relatively as important as that of the leading man or the leading lady. The fault of English acting is not so much underacting as unintelligent acting. It seems never to be worth while to take trouble except for what the profession calls "a fat part." But what is the good of fat without a wholesome admixture of lean? It is the earnestness of the acting in "Gudgeons" that delights me and charms the audience. What could be better in its way than Mr. Murray Carson's shrewd American? A sensible man, Mr. Murray Carson! He is not so foolish as to insist on the romantic parts, the tragic parts, the psychological parts that the public does not want for the moment. He can play them, and he will play them some day. He is a first-class artificer, but he is not above pulling off his coat and knocking in a nail. It requires a good workman to knock in a nail properly, and it requires a good actor to play this American in "Gudgeons." Take, again, Miss Jannette Steer. Everyone is talking of her submissive wife in this play. Why? Because it is a very admirable and artistic performance. A woman of less common-sense would have shrieked out for Juliets and Violas, if not for Toscas and Fedoras, would have plumed out her feathers and insisted on giving the public what they do not want. I can hear her saying to clever and sensible Miss Steer, "My dear, you don't mean to say that you, a manageress, intend to play that silly little part of Mrs. Ffolliott Treherne in 'Gudgeons'?" You will lose caste, my dear. You will break down your reputation. Managers will never look at you again!" What folly! Why, Miss Jannette Steer has made her artistic reputation by this very character. She has shown that very rare thing in woman, a strong sense of humour.

Let no one who loves good acting miss the opportunity of seeing "Sowing the Wind," now that Mr. Grundy's beautiful play has recovered from its first nervous shock. On the fiftieth night I could not have believed that I was seeing the same play that I had seen on the first. The public has no idea how an author's work suffers from the moods and temperaments of artists. Sometimes it gains, but, oh! how rarely. I can speak from experience, for I have written plays in my time, and it was not the best play that always succeeded. I do not at all regret the experience, for I can sincerely sympathise with the author who imagines a man or woman, and finds them before him in a totally different guise. The author's work is in the artist's hands, to make or mar. I feel confident that Mr. Grundy does not, if he saw the first night's performance of his play, have considered it was the best possible performance. I think he would say so now. I cannot, in the whole range of modern drama, conceive anything more exquisitely sympathetic, more truly womanly, or more searching in its pathos than Miss Winifred Emery's acting in the third act of this play. It would be difficult to find an actor, even among the experienced, who would give us that combined dignity, resignation, sweetness of nature, and human utterance that come from Mr. Brandon Thomas, who plays on the heart-strings as if they were a harp. And as to the Mr. Watkin of Mr. Cyril Maude, it is one of those gems of cabinet acting that can only be appreciated and handled by the connoisseur. There are certain scenes on the stage that years never seem to obliterate. In the after years, if they ever come to me, I shall remember the bowed back and bent head of this generous and upright friend, who totters back to his old companion in his affliction, begs his pardon for an innocent fault, and whispers that in death they at least shall not be divided. Mr. Cyril Maude has given me a memory, and I, as one of the public, thank him for it.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor on Saturday morning, Nov. 18, on her return from Balmoral. On Monday the Queen and Court attended a service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, upon the occasion of the death of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, for whom, by a special announcement, her Majesty has testified her esteem and admiration. Princess Louise came with the Queen to Windsor. Princess Henry of Battenberg has gone to join her husband's family at Darmstadt.

The Prince of Wales on Friday, Nov. 17, dined with the Treasurer and Benchers and Society of Lincoln's Inn; on Monday his Royal Highness, with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, went to Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and laid the foundation-stone of the St. Bride's Institute; in the evening he presided at a meeting of the Imperial Institute, to hear a lecture by Mr. W. H. Lecky on the relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and Indian Empire.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh) has gone to Plymouth and Devonport on a visit to the officers commanding there. The Duke and Duchess of Teck go to visit the Duke and Duchess of York at Sandringham.

The cessation of the collieries strike, by the terms of agreement stated on another page, which resulted from the conference, on Friday, Nov. 17, at the Foreign Office, presided over by Lord Rosebery, had its effect on Monday, when work in the coal-mining districts was very generally resumed, and prices at the London Coal Exchange were reduced five shillings a ton, with an early prospect of further reduction.

The election of a Lord Rector of Glasgow University took place on Nov. 15, when Sir J. Gorst, Conservative, was elected by 916 votes as against 695 recorded for Mr. H. H. Asquith, the Home Secretary. On Nov. 18 the Marquis of Huntly, Liberal Unionist, was elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by 347 votes against 253 for Dr. Hunter, the Gladstonian candidate.

The Royal Commission on the Unification of London has refused to accede to the request of the City Corporation to hear evidence on the point of the desirability of the proposed amalgamation of the City and County of London.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching held its annual meeting on Saturday, Nov. 18, at Goldsmiths' Hall, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., presiding. The Rev. J. C. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, the Rev. Prebendary Whittington, the Rev. Canon Barnett, and Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., were among the speakers. This society has now fifty-nine centres in London, with 13,374 students; and eighty-six courses of educational lectures were delivered in the last session.

A violent and prolonged storm from the north-east, with rain and snow, passing over Great Britain, caused much destruction on Saturday, Nov. 18, with the loss of nearly two hundred lives, altogether, on sea and on land, and the wreck of many vessels. Its effects were serious on the east coasts of Scotland and England, and on the north coast of Cornwall, in the Bristol Channel and in the Irish Sea. Several vessels, one a large steamer, were lost on the Banff shore. The towns of St. Andrews and Forfar suffered much damage to buildings. There were bad accidents at Sunderland. Off Filey and Flamborough Head many vessels were wrecked, and part of their crews drowned. On the Kent coast, between the North and South Foreland, the life-boats could hardly keep at sea while searching for distressed vessels, and the fishing-boats were driven by the gale through the Straits of Dover. In St. Ives Bay, Cornwall, the steam-ship Hampshire, of London, bound for Cardiff, was lost, with the captain and twenty men, only the chief officer, Mr. James Swanson, being saved. Three other steamers were wrecked at St. Ives. On the Welsh coast, also, there were numerous wrecks. The Holyhead steam-boats, as well as those in the English Channel, made difficult and frightful passages. Many persons, travelling alone and on foot inland, in different parts of the country, perished from being overtaken by the storm. On the French coast about thirty fishing-boats have been lost, with nearly two hundred lives.

Her Majesty's battle-ship Howe, which stranded off Ferrol during the first week in November last year, and was subsequently raised, brought to England, repaired, and recommissioned, sailed from Spithead on Nov. 19 to join the British Mediterranean Squadron, replacing the battle-ship Edinburgh.

There is nothing of importance this week in Continental politics; but the French Senate and Chamber and the German Reichstag have begun their sessions. The state of parties in Austria and in Hungary still renders the position of their Ministries rather uncertain. The death of Count Hartenau, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, formerly ruler of Bulgaria, is a subject of historical comment in foreign journals.

The Pope celebrated Mass at St. Peter's on Nov. 16 in presence of a congregation of 10,000 pilgrims. An allocution was afterwards read in which his Holiness affirmed that if his counsels were loyally accepted "one would quickly see the life and glory of Italy renewed."

The Spanish Government seems to be making great preparations for hostilities with the Riff tribes on the coast of Morocco, and the Minister of War desires to command in person. Anarchists are continually arrested on account of the dynamite conspiracy. A bomb containing nitroglycerine was exploded on the night of Nov. 16 outside

the Gendarmerie Barracks at Villanueva y Geltru, a small town in the province of Barcelona. The gate of the building was blown to pieces and the walls were cracked in several places. No one was injured.

The latest news from Matabili is that the Matabili were retreating in a north-westerly direction, with the apparent intention of crossing the Zambesi. Sir Henry Loch has approved the appointment of Major Forbes, the commander of the South Africa Company's forces, as acting magistrate at Bulawayo. He has also sent Major W. H. Sawyer, his military secretary, on a mission to Colonel Goold-Adams, commanding the British Bechuanaland frontier forces. The South Africa Company's directors speak in the highest terms of the service rendered by Dr. Jameson in securing the co-operation of the columns from Fort Salisbury and those from the two southern forts—namely, Fort Charter and Fort Victoria. It is said that Lo Bengula has still about 8000 warriors disposed to fight, but that he is himself inclined to surrender.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has arrived at Palapye. He reports to the Chartered Company that Major Browne has ridden from Bulawayo to Fort Salisbury by way of Fort Charter, and passed fourteen wagons conveying rations to the force at Bulawayo. He found the country between Bulawayo and the Chartered territory peaceful, and the Matabili appeared to be accepting the situation.

The British Indian diplomatic mission, conducted by

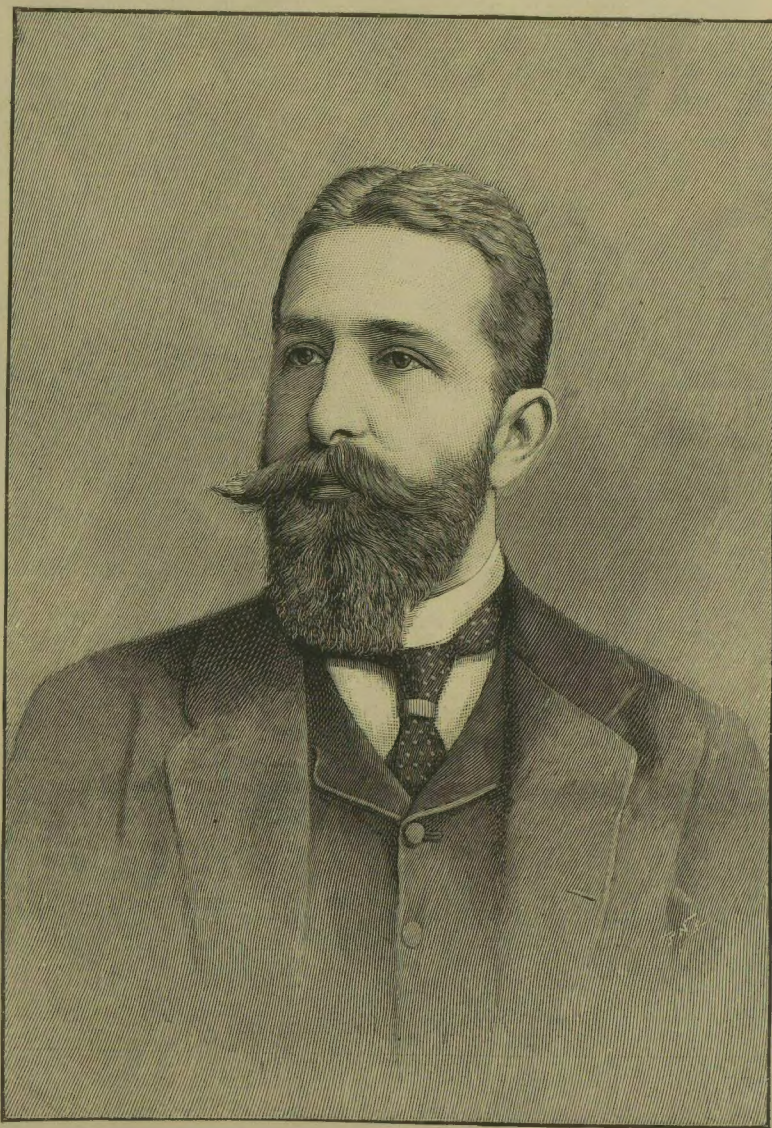


Photo by Carl Bachofen, Darmstadt.

THE LATE PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Sir Mortimer Durand, left Cabul on Nov. 15, when the Ameer publicly announced that the settlement of his frontier and of all differences with the Indian Government had been concluded. He spoke warmly of the friendly relations now firmly established between Afghanistan and India.

The Ameer's subsidy is to be increased to eighteen lakhs of rupees annually; the restrictions on the import of arms and ammunition to be removed. He agrees to consider Chitral, Bajaur, Swat, and the neighbouring States in Indus-Kohistan as without the sphere of his influence, while he is allowed to retain possession of Asmar, in the Kunar Valley, north of Jellalabad. The Kuram Valley settlement remains undisturbed. Wariristan, including Wana, comes unreservedly under British influence, securing the safety of the Gomul route and rounding off the frontier about the Zhob Valley. The Ameer withdraws his post from Chargeh in Beloochistan, and consents to the permanent occupation of New Chaman as a railway terminus.

The funeral of the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg took place at Gratz, in Styria, on Monday, Nov. 20, and was attended by representatives of Queen Victoria, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Bulgarian Government and army, and the local authorities and population.

The Convention between Great Britain and the German Empire on the delimitation of their inland territories or "spheres of influence" in West Central Africa has been signed at Berlin. The southern shore of Lake Tchad at its greatest width and the larger portion of Adamawa are retained in the German sphere of influence. The wide tract of country as far as Lake Tchad, including the whole of the Chari River district, is thrown open to German enterprise. The Niger and Benue territory, including Yola, is reserved to the English.

## PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

In the person of the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg there has passed away, with but six-and-thirty summers on his brow, a man who was at one time certainly the most interesting and romantic figure in all Europe, and who furnished it, during his brief public career, with more stirring and astonishing sensations than anyone before had ever packed into the same short period of time. The Seven Years' War, waged by Frederick the Great, was an epoch as full of interest as it was rich in blood; but in dramatic interest, at once of the personal and political kind, it was scarcely superior to the Seven Years' War waged by Prince Alexander of Battenberg against his various foes, individually and collectively. For the whole period of his rule in Bulgaria, lasting seven years (1879-86), was one intense and dangerous time of conflict—either with his own intriguing subjects, or with the caballing minions of the Czar, or with the jealous and cowardly Servians. "A pleasant reminiscence" (*schöne Erinnerung*) forsooth! "even if you don't remain there long." As a matter of fact, these much-quoted words were addressed by Bismarck, not to Prince Alexander at all, but to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern when offered the crown of Roumania; and in any case they would have been singularly misapplied, as it afterwards turned out, had they been used by the Chancellor to Prince Alexander as an encouragement to him to proceed to Sofia. At this time, the Prince was only twenty-two; but he had already grown to the stature of a very tall and handsome man.

I had the honour of a chat with him at Potsdam just before he left for Livadia, and I thought I had never seen a finer-looking man, frank, fresh, unassuming, yet princely. The next time I saw him was in the grand state ball-room of the Kremlin at Moscow, on the occasion of his cousin's coronation (1883), and even in that large and brilliant assemblage of the great White Czar, the Prince of Bulgaria stood out among his fellow-guests like Saul among the people—his countenance, with its dark and almost Oriental cast, having more affinity with the warlike visage of the picturesque Turanian chiefs from the Kizil Kum and the Kara Kum than with that of flaxen-haired soldiers of the type of Skobelev. But by this time a shade of deep seriousness had clothed the features of the handsome Bulgarian Prince; for the iron of his destiny had already begun to penetrate his soul, and he was now conscious of being the object of his imperial cousin's deep dislike and distrust.

This distrust was brought to a head next year (1884) by the *coup d'état* of Philippopolis, which virtually united the two Bulgarias; and then the doom of the poor Prince was irrevocably sealed. Looked at from one point of view, some of Prince Alexander's actions certainly seemed to savour of falseness and insincerity towards Russia. But on the other hand, the force of events had been too much for him, and he had to choose between treason to his own people and the appearance of disloyalty to his Russian patrons. The invasion of Bulgaria by the miserable battalions of the false and craven King Milan—who was at this time obsequiously pliant to the wishes of St. Petersburg—was the immediate consequence of the union of the two Bulgarias; and the Russians would only have been too delighted to see the new Bulgarian army, with the Prince at its head, rolled into irretrievable wreck and ruin by this paltry nation of uniformed pig-drivers. But the wreck and ruin, to the bitter disappointment of the Muscovites, were just all the other way about. For on the field of Slivnitsa, Prince Alexander, in the most brilliant and heroic manner, cemented the union of his people with the blood of their jealous and meddling Slavonic brethren across the Servian border.

Crueller this even than the subsequent kidnapping of the Prince by the brutal agents of a brutal and implacable Russian despotism, with its methods and manners more akin to those of the era of the *Prinzenraub* than to the civilised end of the nineteenth century. And as the poor Prince was "Hecuba" to Bismarck, so he was also meat and drink to the personal rancour of the Czar. Down upon his very knees, figuratively speaking, went the Prince to his imperial cousin on being prevailed upon to return to Bulgaria; but his astonishingly obsequious telegram—his *pater peccavi*, so to speak—at once drew down upon him an answer which had the same effect upon him as the vicious blow of a steel gauntlet would have upon the lips of a contrite suppliant. And now this seemed to knock the very heart out of the long-enduring Prince; for he threw down his crown and fled from the ungrateful land which his heroism had done so much to benefit.

His Seven Years' War with the foes of Bulgaria was over, and now he began a conflict, which was to last just as long, with his own memories and his own heart. But the spirit of romance still clung to him in all he did. Disappointed—but was he disappointed? will be asked by some who knew more of the secrets of the time than could be gathered from newspaper gossip—in his hopes of gaining the hand of one of the Emperor Frederick's daughters, the Prince went and married beneath him, burying himself from association with the bitter past under the title of Count Hartenau. One of the consolations which shed their cheery influence on his blasted life was the hope that, as a General in the Austrian army, he might one day yet be in a position to cross swords with the unspeakable authors of all his woe. But this hope, too, was doomed to disappointment, and he died, the spirit of tragic romance still attending him, on the very anniversary of the glorious day which had been the culminating point of his strangely chequered and pathetic career.

Good night, sweet Prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.





Lord Esher. Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hobhouse. Prince of Wales. Sir Charles Russell. Prince of Siam. Lord Herschell. Lord Alcester.

THE GRAND DAY DINNER AT LINCOLN'S INN.

J. Murray. R. Walker. J. Wadsworth. J. O'Connor. L. Dyson. J. Frith. A. Stuart. W. Whitehill. W. Bailey. J. T. Williams. J. Sparling. Jesse Butler.  
J. Batchelor. L. Laurence. W. Lathan. W. Edwards. J. Easton. H. Brill. L. Spencer. W. Johnson.



T. Buckery. E. Cowey. J. Sykes. R. Mullin. W. E. Harvey. T. Glover. T. Greenall. Enoch Edwards.  
C. Wicklin. T. Aspinwall. A. Stanley. J. Walsh. B. Pickard, M.P. T. Ashton. W. Parrott. S. Woods, M.P. J. Haslam. R. Isherwood. E. Walkden. S. Whitehouse.

THE MINERS' DELEGATES AT THE CONFERENCE AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.





# YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

By WALTER RAYMOND

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHRISTOPHER'S DEALINGS.

The boy drove on Sophia's sparked cow in the early morning; and in due time Christopher mounted his cart and started for market.

The road to Langport passed before Sophia's cottage, and at the sound of wheels she came running down to the garden-hatch, and waited to have a word with him. Again the care was on her face; the anxiety in her eyes.

"Is it all right, Mr. Chiselett?"

"Ay, sure. He's in my pocket right enough." And having glanced around to assure himself that no one was near, Christopher mysteriously drew forth the letter.

"Thank 'ee! Thank 'ee, Mr. Chiselett," said the widow, in a voice soft and low with gratitude. "You won't forget?"

"I won't forget."

Either to hide her emotion or from an instinctive desire not to cause delay, she turned away hastily, and hurried indoors.

Christopher went jogging across the moor behind his old grey mare, an animal no longer young nor fast, but blind of one eye, ragged coated, and wonderfully conscientious. Such a beast permits a driver leisure for thought, and that morning Christopher was deeply meditative. At last they came to the steep hill on the margin of the moor. Christopher having first secured the rein around the movable board which served for a seat, considerably alighted. The old mare crawled zig-zag up the knap, and he, in his long drab coat, loitered behind out of range even of her observation. The road went winding through a narrow hollow with an abrupt high bank on either side, damp and crumbling, where the sun never fell, and over-arching branches met and blotted out the sky. The bends were short and a traveller seemed quite shut in.

Then Christopher stopped, slowly drew forth the letter, and stood a moment as if in doubt, holding it in his hand. He read the superscription, looked at the seal, and the puckers around his mouth grew deeper than ever. He hesitated, like a man struggling against temptation, and argued the matter with himself. "She'll never know—never in this world!" he muttered. "'Tis out of all reason that ever she should find it out—"

Suddenly he opened the letter, tore it into bits, and returned the bank-note to his pocket.

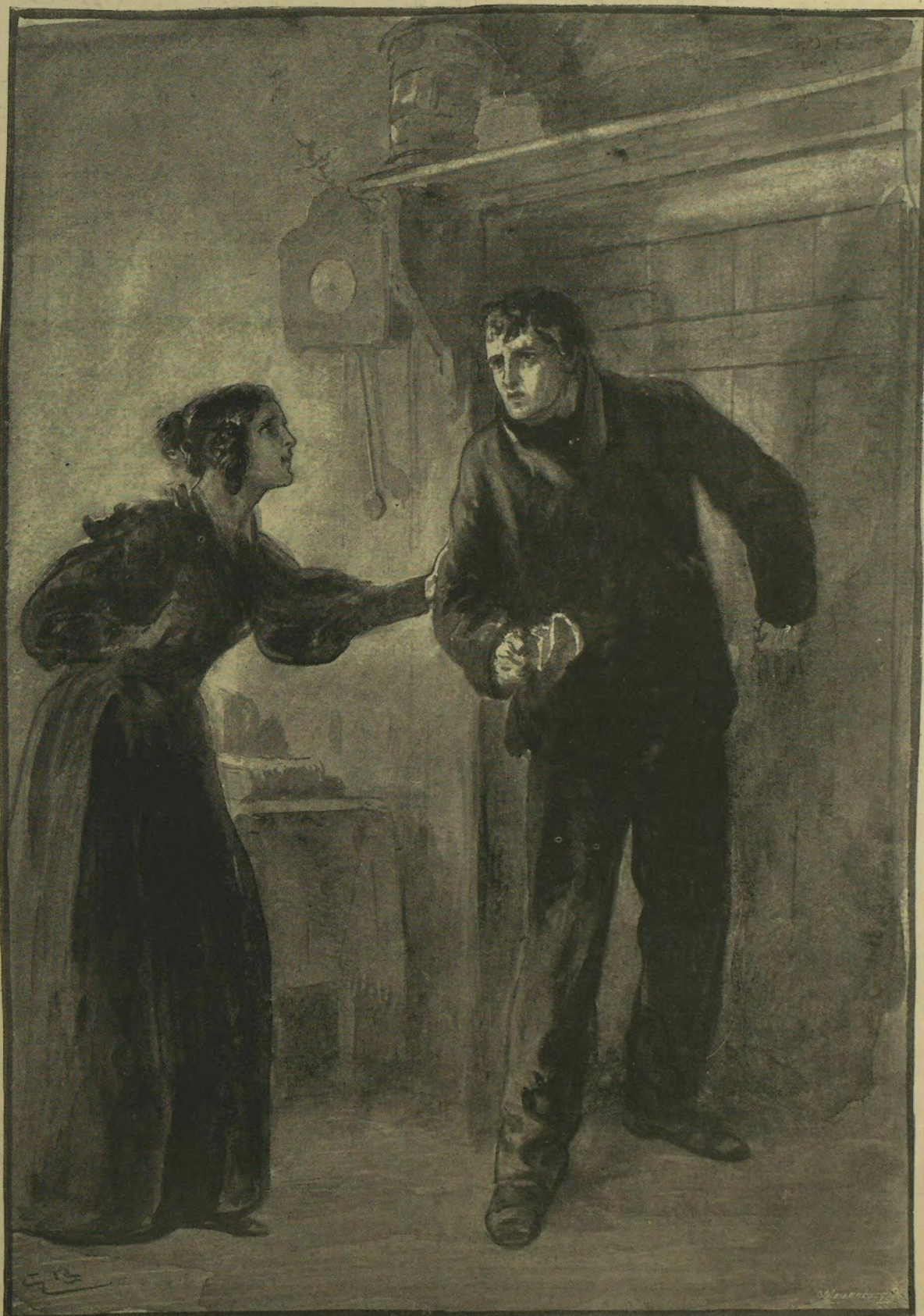
This done his thoughtfulness vanished. The old mare, with wisdom worthy of her years, was waiting to take breath on the hill-top. Christopher clambered into the cart, whacked her bony old back, and, heedless of rolling stones, away they went down the opposite slope with the reckless safety of the driver who sees no fear.

Bent on business, Christopher admitted no more loitering until, arriving in capital style, he drew rein before "The Rose in June," a roadside inn of some pretensions, standing back from the highway.

Before it was an open space, in which stood a dog-cart laden with cases, and several nags and market-carts abandoned by stress of thirst. Some were moored to the inn-rails. Others, requiring no such precaution, might safely be trusted to stand alone.

The boy with Sophia's cow was waiting under the opposite hedgerow.

A native refinement, a natural delicacy of feeling, induced Christopher always to tie up the grey mare with her blind eye towards the rail. Thus she hid her infirmity, and was enabled



*He stepped quickly into the house, and closed the door carefully, as if to make no noise. . . . "John!"*



to look about in moderation and enjoy herself. Such forethought never can come amiss, and, besides, you never know who may come by. These preliminaries concluded, Christopher entered the inn.

The kitchen of "The Rose in June" was filled with company. Old Sam Grinter was there, so was cousin John Priddle, both full of business, with quart cups in their hands. Looking disconsolately out of the window was a sporting-looking bagman, in Wellington boots with tassels, whose horse had fallen lame.

"Yes," he was saying, in a loud voice. "I shall have to get something or another to go on. I must get back to Bristol by the end of the week. Loss of time is loss of money. There's such a deal of competition in these days, it doesn't do to stand about, gentlemen."

"No, no," agreed cousin John Priddle and old Sam Grinter, in principle if not in practice.

As Christopher sidled up to the window his eye listlessly rested on a dejected-looking animal the ostler was leading from the shafts of the four-wheeled dog-cart.

"Do the gentleman want a horse?" he innocently asked, and not a pucker on his face betrayed the slightest suspicion of guile either in himself or other people.

The bagman smiled. The contemplation of complete artlessness often begets a smile on a really wise man.

"Do you know for a good one, Sir?"

Christopher's grey eye, gazing out of the window into the blue sky, appeared to be wandering through space in search of the recollection of a really good horse. At last he admitted that he couldn't call to mind that he did. The reflection seemed to sadden Christopher, and he sighed.

"There's nothing the matter with mine," cried the bagman, "but overwork. All he wants is rest or a quiet job."

"I'll be daz!" chirped Christopher, "if I could ever vind my mare work enough."

"She's too good for you, Mr. Chiselett. I've a-zaid so hundreds o' times," put in cousin John Priddle.

"That's the horse I want," laughed the bagman. "My work's enough for two. Every day alike and always on the roads."

"Ah!" said Christopher, thoughtfully. "I wouldn't take—not twenty poun' for thik grey mare, rough as she do look."

"I don't suppose you would," cried old Sam Grinter. "I'll bid 'ee eighteen here-right."

"Ay, where should I get another like she?"

"But she's too good for you, Mr. Chiselett," repeated cousin John Priddle, shaking his head. "Now, why don't you two gentlemen have a chop?"

It was a novel and brilliant idea, but Christopher did not readily embrace it. "I don't want to part wi' her," he said. "She mid look a bit rough now, but you take that mare in, an' rub her down, an' corn her up a bit. She'd be a picture. Why, you'd get down on the road to stop an' look at her."

"Ay. An' spare time to do it too," laughed old Sam Grinter. Doubtless the bagman was well acquainted with the frailties of his own animal, and argued that a horse going upon four legs must surpass any other, however admirable, going only upon three. But it was merely the conviviality of a sporting disposition which induced him to invite the company to drink. No one refused. Christopher confessed to a partiality to shrub, and the conversation became still more cordial.

"I tell you what it is, Mr.—Mr. Chiselett, I think I heard your name," cried the bagman, extending an alluring hand across the bench. "I don't mind if I do have a chop with you. You haven't seen my horse, and I haven't looked at your mare. I'll chop without looking. Both in the dark. Just for a fancy deal."

Now, if the bagman's proposal was prompted by pure reason, Christopher regulated all his dealings by the perception of a first principle. He never chopped without drawing: to draw being the essential feature of a "tidy chop." He had recognised from early youth that if you always draw, and get another horse to chop with, you can never go far wrong.

"No, no. I should want all vive poun' to boot," he said, rising as if to go.

The bagman laughed, but followed Christopher to his cart. Old Sam Grinter and cousin John Priddle also came out, from a commendable desire to pay close attention to business, even if it appertained to somebody else. But Christopher seemed in no hurry to depart. He did not hasten to release the blind eye of the old mare, which craned her neck, and squinted round at them, displaying the white of the remaining orb.

She had her good points, that mare, although she was certainly amazingly poor. But then, a poor horse may improve, and add self-respect to the owner in proportion as she puts on flesh. That is an important feature to be considered in acquiring a horse.

"I'll give you three pound," cried the bagman.

"Done!" returned Christopher, and seized the bagman's hand with an alacrity and warmth calculated to fill his heart with apprehension.

In a twinkling the horses were exchanged. Christopher pocketed the money, ordered glasses round, which the ostler brought out on a tray, mounted his cart, and from that eminence drank to the health of the bagman. Then he departed without delay, *hoppety-hick* all the way to Langport market.

Christopher enjoyed a most successful day. After only a couple of hours' negotiation he sold Sophia's cow for "ten poun' vive," with the understanding that he should "throw back dree half-crowns." Then he hovered around two heifers of cousin John Priddle until evening, offering, refusing, lubricating the wheels of a difficult business transaction with frequent liquid refreshment. Five shillings divided buyer and seller like a gulf. Christopher would not "spring," and cousin John Priddle did not bridge the difficulty with an offer to "split the difference." With a depth of feeling which did

honour to his heart, cousin John Priddle solemnly swore he should rob himself to take even a "varden less." The most indifferent moralist will admit this to be the worst form of robbery, and Christopher, his voice husky with emotion, replied that they should have to part.

Parting is always a painful matter. The market was over; two-wheeled traps and horsemen were already jogging out of the town in all directions; so they called for their carts with an ostentation of haste and a determination to forget the past which was truly heroic.

"Good-night, Mr. Chiselett!" cried cousin John Priddle as he picked up his reins.

"Good-night!" shouted Christopher; but with a new nag it was only natural he should clamber down at the last moment to tighten the breeching.

John Priddle started in style, drove some five-and-twenty yards, and suddenly stopped.

"Hi! Mr. Chiselett! Have you a-spokt your last word?"

John Priddle's voice was always boisterous, but Christopher was a little hard of hearing. Besides, he was intent upon the harness.

"Hi! Mr. Chiselett! I suppose you'd better to take on them heifers."

"I thought," chuckled Christopher to himself, "them there heifers 'ud come to Middeney."

So in due time the heifers, the boy, and Christopher behind in his cart passed in leisurely procession along the Middeney road. From motives of humanity he did not hurry, the horse's lameness being less apparent at a walk. Past "The Rose in June" and up the slanting hill they went until they reached the cross-roads, by the knap at the head of the hollow.

There an unexpected sight greeted Christopher's eyes.

In fulfilment of Mr. Grinter's prediction the bagman had alighted to look at the grey mare. With a laudable predilection for her old home in Middeney, she refused to proceed in any other direction, and the bagman was doing his best to administer encouragement and correction. But endearment could not soften, blows could not overcome the obduracy of that old grey mare. Whenever the bagman struck her she recoiled six inches. "Good mare. Good mare," coaxed the bagman. But that mare could swallow the coarsest flattery without winking, and she stood as stolid as Lot's wife after her accident. The bagman's face looked red, as if heated by argument.

"Why, what's this? What's all this then? Go on wi' the heifers, boy," cried Christopher.

"This infernal mare I had of you. She isn't worth two-pence. She's blind in one eye and going blind in the other. And it's my belief she means to keep me here all night."

"Do look all likely," murmured the sympathetic Christopher. "But she's a fine upstanding mare."

"And she's got the thrush—and the sweet-itch—and—"

"But didn' you zee that?"

"I wish to heaven I'd never seen her nor you either."

"Oh, well! If you ben't satisfied, I'll have another chop," said Christopher, soothingly.

The bagman was infuriated, although of course that is no excuse, and replied that he would see Christopher—first; but as Christopher did not mind in the least, why should anybody else? It did not prevent his putting his shoulder to the wheel; and thus propelled from behind, and coaxed from before, the mare was at last induced to move from her position of imminent peril.

Darkness was creeping up from the east, and the road was lonely to travel by night. The solitary hill was studded here and there with dark spinneys of pine trees, and beyond lay the moor with no human habitation for miles.

"Well?" said the bagman, "I'll chop then. What'll you give back to boot?"

Christopher raised his hat with one hand, and thoughtfully stroked his bald crown with the other.

"I should have to draw," he said, in a tone of conviction, which proved it a matter of principle.

Sophia ran down to the hatch, and called after the boy with the heifers.

"Where's Mr. Chiselett?"

"He's a-comen' on."

At last Christopher came, just as he departed, behind the old grey mare; but in the hollow he had stopped a moment to put together Sophia's money, ready to hand her as he passed the cottage.

She was waiting as he expected.

"Here's your money, Sophia. Ten pound vive. Two notes, wi' a crown-piece wrapt inside. You'll zee 'tis right."

But Sophia thought nothing of the money at that time; and Christopher also must have been absent-minded, since he forgot to deduct the three half-crowns he had thrown back.

"Is he gone?"

"Ay, sure. Your letter's a-gone, Sophia," he said.

"Thank'ee, thank'ee, Mr. Chiselett, for all you've a-done," gratefully cried the widow, as she put the money in her pocket and hurried indoors.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SOPHIA'S SORROW.

When Sophia left Christopher at the hatch her heart was too overburdened with emotion to allow her to think about her money. She placed the notes, just as he had given them, in a secret drawer, in the old oak bureau—one of those drawers all so cunningly devised and similarly constructed to satisfy the simplicity of the owner and offer no difficulty to the least experienced of thieves.

Had Sophia's sorrow lain in no safer hiding-place, it must have been published to the world long ago. No one knew it but Christopher; but he knew more than he had ever told, even to Sophia. Twelve years ago, when he proposed to

marry her, she confided to him the whole history. It was a relief to her solitude thus to unburden her soul, and the weight seemed less when it was borne by two. And ever since, Christopher had proved a loyal friend—never attempting to alter her determination, but, once or twice, with characteristic craftiness, preventing her from committing some compromising folly.

Before coming to Middeney hers had been a hard and lonely life.

Her husband was dead. Two years a wife, and then she followed him to the grave in a little churchyard on a cliff in a country far away. But she continued to hold the barren farm on the hill-side with the upper windows looking out upon the sea, and there bred up her only child, a son, to manhood. When the wind, sweeping across the moor, moaned in the Middeney elms by night, it brought a recollection sad as the sound of waves breaking upon a far-off beach. Then if it were day, she closed her door; or at night buried her head in the pillow. And always before her eyes arose the same sad vision of two grave-stones standing side by side; the one, slanting and lichen-covered, bearing her husband's name; the other, twenty years later, fresh and new when she saw it, with a roughly-hewn representation of waves and a little chip, and beneath that an inscription to the memory of a seaman of H.M. cutter, Kate, killed in an affray with smugglers on the night of Jan. 6, 1823.

How clearly it all came back haunting the lonely hours of night. The hiding and the dread, the discovery and the suspense, and then the trial, the conviction, and the awful agony of those days darkened by impending death. The sentence was commuted to transportation beyond the seas, but her son seemed as far removed as if he were dead. She had no hope of seeing him again. After that the place, with the sea before her eyes and the roar ever in her ears, became hateful to her. She could not even look at her husband's grave when beside it lay buried the man whom they said her son had killed.

Then she came to Middeney and took the cottage with the field or two and strip of orchard out of which she lived. For years she cherished a vague hope that her son might earn some limited freedom, and she would cross the water, carrying him means with which to start afresh. Afterwards, on the recommendation of Christopher, she bought the holding in Middeney, as it happened on the young lives of Sam Grinter and Sabina. And so she lived always, a placid resignation hiding the sorrow in her heart.

But a couple of years ago, late one afternoon, when a white mist hanging over the moor shortened the brief span of a winter day, she was sitting by the hearth. The dancing flame from the wood fire lit up the kitchen, glistening upon the floor and the plates ranged on the dresser shelves.

Then came a step, too quick for Christopher, upon the garden path; and a knock with the handle of the latch against one of the great nails which studded the oaken door.

Some neighbour, perhaps—more probably a tramp; for times were bad, and mendicants not unfrequently passed through the parish.

She nervously rose to answer the door.

A reflected light from the fire fell upon her, but the stranger was not distinguishable in the gloom.

He stepped quickly into the house, and closed the door carefully, as if to make no noise.

"Is anybody about?" he whispered.

"John!"

At the first sound of his voice she knew him, and threw her arms around his neck. All the joys, robbed from those years of loneliness, seemed concentrated in that brief embrace. Then fears followed in their train. He had come back—but how? The stealth of his appearance, the rapid utterance of his fear, filled her with alarm. Without asking she knew that he had escaped, and realised the danger hanging over his head.

"There's nobody in the house," she answered.

His pilot jacket was wet with the mist. She secured the bolt, and led him into the kitchen to her chair, beside the fire. Then her heart melted. Affection overcame her courage, and she fell on her knees by his side—weeping—stroking his hands and kissing them. But her love, so demonstrative in tears and touches, lay too deep for words. It was he who broke the silence.

He raised her with rough tenderness, and, with a quick glance at the window, led her to the chimney corner hidden by the high-backed oak settle.

"Will anybody come, mother?"

"No. No. Unless Mr. Chiselett—"

"Who's Mr. Chiselett?"

The interruption was quick, and full of suspicion.

"He've a-bin a true friend in all my trouble, John," she said. "The only one 'pon earth. Sometimes he mid look in of a evening, but 'tis a-most past his time to-night."

"I was bound to come, mother, but I daren't stay long. They might find out where you are, and look for me here. I've walked down from Bristol."

With motherly anxiety she rose and bustled about the kitchen, getting him something to eat.

"I must go on to-morrow at dark at latest. It wouldn't be safe to stay about or be seen by anybody. I met nobody, and this was the first house I tried. Hark! What's that?"

The garden-hatch had fallen to behind an approaching visitor, and at the sound he rose hastily, but paused—for danger had made him very wary and alert.

"It's only Christopher Chiselett! He's a true friend," she assured him.

"Wait until he's at the door, mother; then I'll slip into the other room. I should like to put eyes on him first."

Christopher was full of conversation that evening. A strange-looking man had passed down the village at nightfall. Had Sophia seen him? With inquisitive craftiness Christopher had nipped down to the bottom of the orchard and watched the other road. But no one went by. "A terr'ble sight o'



these here tramp fellows about to year," lamented he. "But the man never went out o' parish. I'd take my oath o' that. I should a-zeed 'un right enough. He've a-crope in some-where for the night. That's what he've a-done sure enough. Didn't he beg to door, Sophia? Or wer that why you put down the latch? Why, what's the matter?"

Sophia shivered, and stooped to make up the fire.

"Don't 'ee tell up such things, Mr. Chiselett," she said. 'Tis lonely here. An' such thoughts do gie a body a turn."

"I tell 'ee what, Sophia. I'll get a lantern an' the old dog, an' young Sam, an' carr' a pick in my han', an' just walk roun' bimeby. An' take a look into your linhay too."

The offer was consolatory and kind, yet it was quite consistent with Sophia's kindly nature to refuse it.

"If there's any poor soul about, don't 'ee hunt 'un, Mr. Chiselett. Let 'un be. Let 'un bide in the dry till morning," was all she said.

Perhaps from a fear of Christopher's gossiping tongue, or reassured by his kindness and evident goodwill towards

and as they talked it would seem that eyes glistened through winter hedges as plentifully as haws.

"I could hide a man up in church tower, if 't wer' for years," Christopher gloomily suggested.

By the time he straightened his little bow-legs to depart he had undertaken to drive John Sharman within reach of Bristol on the following day. There was no place like the populous city, they agreed, where people take no notice, for being hid.

Mother and son spent the whole night in the chimney-corner. How clearly she afterwards remembered every word that he had spoken; for in country places where incidents are scarce, the exact turn of a phrase has its import, and will be remembered for years. They talked of the past, with its awful catastrophe. "I don't deny that I was there," said he, "but the man never died by my hand." They thought of the future with its doubt and dangers, of his hopes of remaining undiscovered in England, or of starting afresh in some other land. And yet, in spite of their affection, and joy, and misery—and of all these subjects of vital importance, he would so often bring back the conversation to Christopher.

#### MISS BRADDON'S NEW STORY.

The Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial* invariably takes a high place among such publications, by reason of the high-class and unconventional nature of its contents and the perfection with which it is produced. The literary attraction this year is a very charming story by Miss Braddon, called "The Christmas Hirelings," in which, with much humour and even more tenderness, she tells the story of the softening of a soured nature by the irresistible influence of children, "hired" to lend something of seasonable cheer at Christmastide to a gloomily grand country house in Cornwall. Miss Braddon has painted the three queer, lovable little children as though she loved them, and has lost no single one of the whimsical ways and quaint sayings—so innocent, yet so worldly wise and shrewdly though unconsciously humorous; and she has also drawn the central figure, Sir John Penlyon, and his "useful friend," Tom Danby, with admirable lucidity, and the latter with excellent humour as well. "The Christmas Hirelings" makes the *Lady's Pictorial* for this year the most Dickens-like Christmas Number which we have had since the beneficent "dreamer" of Christmas dreams passed away, and all who love wholesome, kindly humour,



Christopher mounted his cart, and from that eminence drank to the health of the bagman.

Sophia, John Sharman, who at the partly open door had watched and listened to all that occurred, stepped boldly into the kitchen.

Christopher, sitting by the fire, a hand on each knee, and his arms akimbo, glanced round at the noise.

"I should have a-told 'ee, Mr. Chiselett. Oh, Mr. Chiselett, 'tis John," sobbed the widow.

Christopher remained late that night discussing the situation in all its aspects with a shrewdness and fertility of resource which was really wonderful. But the longer they talked, the more dangerous seemed the vicinity of Middenley for the fugitive. Perhaps they held in exaggerated esteem the intelligence and zeal of constables and tithing men; but in those days human life dwelt darkly under the shadow of the gallows-tree.

Yet how wily and observant Christopher had been! That was what Christopher pointed out. "I should certainly a-fetched young Sam," he explained, "if I hadn' a-been made sensible."

It was a terrible reflection that in every parish and hamlet some law-abiding subject would see and talk, and be ready to answer questions before they were asked. "'Tis wonderful how they can track anybody in these days," meditated Christopher.

The wind sighed and murmured in the great open chimney;

Who was this Mr. Chiselett? Why did he come there? The son appeared to regard with jealous distrust this disinterested friend of his mother. And twice he made this remark, doubtfully, and shaking his head: "I shouldn't have money dealings with him, mother, if I were you." Sophia thought of it afterwards, many times, wondering at this strange prejudice.

Yet, if Christopher was cunning, he was certainly kind. He came at day-break with the old grey mare and a handful of oat-straw on the bottom of the two-wheeled cart, and John Sharman lay down out of sight, so that anybody 'pon earth, as Christopher pointed out, would take his Bible oath "there wer' only one in the cart, an' not tell noo lie nother." The subtlety of conceiving such a false oath possessed a singular fascination for Christopher. He pictured himself silently watching a judge and jury "all proper a-sucked-in." So they jogged on mile after mile, hour after hour, avoiding the towns, but resting in by-lanes and odd corners of grass, with here and there a black circular patch, the vestige of some gipsy fire. The contemplation of this masterpiece of management made Christopher happy for weeks.

But Sophia sat and wept until she understood that John was safe, and time dried her tears. And since then she had heard nothing, although Christopher penned many a letter with consummate skill.

whimsical character-drawing, and broad humanity will delight in this clever and charming story. The illustrations, which are refined in conception and strong and artistic in execution, are by Mr. F. H. Townshend. There are many of them, and the artist has entered with complete sympathy into the spirit of the story. In addition to this *pièce de résistance*, there are six pages of clever humorous drawings, by such well-known artists as Mr. J. F. Sullivan, Mr. F. H. Townshend, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. Fred Pegram, and Mr. E. A. Mason, as well as a handsome presentation plate, excellent in composition and colour, called "Cosy," after the painting by Mr. C. Burton Barber.

Freemasons and literary antiquaries may like to know the recent proceedings of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge at its meeting for the purpose of Installation. Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, the new Master, was duly placed in the chair, with the usual formalities, by Mr. R. F. Gould, in succession to Professor T. Hayter Lewis, whose year of office had expired. The wardens are the Rev. C. J. Ball and Mr. Edward Macbean. The treasurer is Mr. Walter Besant. This Lodge held its first meeting in January 1886, and a year later established an "Outer Correspondence Circle," numbering sixteen hundred subscribers to its printed Transactions. Among the early Masters of the Lodge were Major-General Sir Charles Warren and Mr. William Simpson, the well-known special artist of this Journal.



## OUR AMBASSADORS.

No. I.

## SIR EDWARD MALET AT BERLIN.

From the external point of view, our Embassy in Berlin is by far the handsomest and most imposing of any; while, in respect of internal roominess, it is only surpassed by that of Russia. Yet this was not always so; for until the foundation of the Empire, which made a greater call on our diplomatic dignity, our Ministers were housed on a simple flat overlooking the Leipziger Platz; and it was here that Lady Bloomfield acquired that acquaintance with Berlin life and society which she has so charmingly set down in her "Reminiscences." But with the restoration of the Empire, or soon, at least, thereafter, our representatives in Berlin changed their abode from their somewhat unworthy residence near the Leipziger Thor to their present palatial quarters hard by the Brandenburger Thor. The present British Embassy in Berlin was the sumptuous creation of Dr. Strousberg, the Hebrew railway magnate, who, in the golden days when the young Empire was revelling in its French milliards, shot up like a rocket only to come down like a stick. For he lived like a prince in the Wilhelm Strasse, and died like a pauper in a fourth-pair back not far off. As a rule nowadays it is the parvenus who dispossess the peers; but the British Embassy in Berlin, no less than the French Embassy in London (which was built by Hudson, the "railway king"), is a standing proof that aristocratic luxury and pomp may, contrariwise, be raised upon the ruined homes of mushroom millionaires.

Strategically considered, so to speak, our Embassy could not enjoy a better situation. Standing at the corner of the Linden Avenue and the Wilhelm Strasse (which is the Downing Street of Berlin), it is within easy distance of the haunts at once of business and of pleasure. A walk of two minutes brings you to the Foreign Office, and of ten to the Palace; while you have only to turn the corner and cross the Pariser Platz, adorned on either side by the Embassies of France and Austria, and you are through the Brandenburger Gate into the forest-like Thiergarten, which is quite as large as Hyde Park, and a thousand times more leafy. And as for the



LADY ERMYNTRUDE MALET.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

Green Park—well, that is really about the size of the area which is covered by official and courtly Berlin; for in this respect it is a very compact capital, compact and therefore cliquy, and time is never wasted by distance. The opera, the palace, the chief hotels and public offices, and all the embassies are gathered together like the tents in a well laid-out camp; and of all these tents, that over which our Union flag occasionally floats is at once the handsomest and the handiest.

Built in the Classical style, with a portico adorned by fluted Corinthian columns, it has a fine massive frontage, but its depth is much greater than its length, admitting of very spacious suites of rooms opening into one another all-round the four-sides of the splendid edifice. For the purposes of ceremonial entertainment nothing, indeed, could be more perfect. Lighted from above by a spacious dome, the entrance hall is rendered very imposing by its tessellated floor and handsome double staircase, of white marble, leading to the private apartments of its occupants; for the ground floor, or "high parterre," as it is called over there, is exclusively taken up with the reception-rooms of the Embassy. Of these, the first on the right, which you reach through an ante-chamber, is the private study and business room of the Ambassador himself, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c., whom, on entering, you are sure to find engaged in reading or writing. But he will at once leave off and receive you with the most exquisite courtesy—no matter what your errand—and place you completely at your ease. Dapper and delicate in person, of soft and insinuating voice, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, dashed, perhaps, with just a little distrustfulness, and with a flattering preference for listening rather than expanding to his visitors, his Excellency is a perfect type of the trained and wary diplomatist. It is not so much what he says as how he says it that impresses you; and you feel, as Bismarck and others have keenly felt, that it would be impossible to nonplus him. He is a General who never fights without a large reserve force at easy distance, and his defeats have been few. He never commits himself, never says a word more than is absolutely necessary, and has some diplomatic form or other ready for every fix.

Moreover, his nature is enriched with a vein of poetry—of positive romance—which you would never for a moment suspect in such a staid, official

personage. Our Bluebooks—witness those about Egypt and our colonial squabbles with Germany—contain ample proof of his power as a writer of terse and vivid prose, while his dramas and other poems bear equal testimony to his power of expression in the higher fields of fancy. Some of his dramas—"Caterina Corio, Queen of Cyprus," for example, and "The Ordeal"—have been privately acted at Cairo, Rome, and elsewhere, the author himself, like Shakspeare, taking a part in their stage interpretation. But, not content with the ordinary drama, Sir Edward's ambition has carried him even into the region of grand opera, and his "Harold," with music by one of our greatest masters, will in due time be a novel attraction at Drury Lane. This is the "Harold" of Bulwer; but even Bulwer had less claim to treat this subject than Sir Edward Malet, seeing that he is twenty-fourth in direct descent from a Norman noble who was connected by marriage both with William the Conqueror and King Harold. The Caux country was the Norman home of the Malets, as the popular rhyme still has it—

*Les Malets et les Marteaux  
Sont les plus nobles de Caux.*

or, again—

*Dans le pays de Caux  
Il n'y a que des Malets et des Marteaux.*

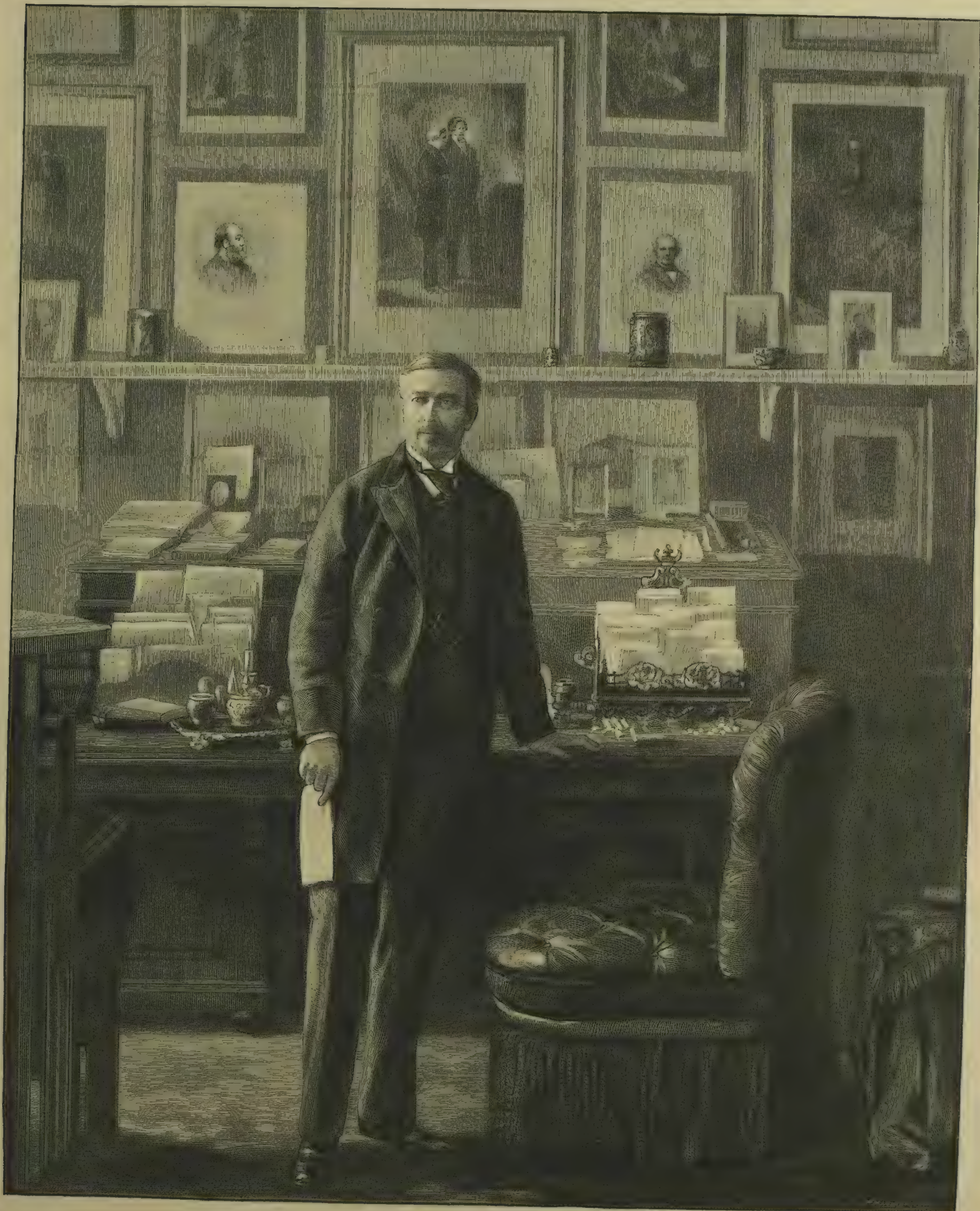
It was a curious circumstance that, at the very moment when Mr. (now Sir Edward) Malet was closeted with Bismarck at Meaux, the French representative of his family, which, by the Norman Conquest, became split up into two branches, was fighting against the Germans in the Armée de l'Est. The English Malets had always been beloved of Bismarck ever since he had made the acquaintance of Sir Edward's father, Sir Alexander, who represented England at the old Diet of Frankfort, and was the sporting and convivial crony of the Prussian envoy and embryo Chancellor. Sir Edward, too, had spent his boyhood on the Main, and it was this



SIR EDWARD MALET'S ROOM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.





SIR EDWARD MALET IN HIS STUDY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN.

*By our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell, 17, Baker Street.*





THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT BERLIN: THE HALL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

circumstance which afterwards made his nomination to Berlin so agreeable to the Prince. "How like your mother you are!" were the first words that Bismarck used to Mr. Malet when, as second secretary to Lord Lyons at Paris, he presented himself at the Chancellor's quarters in Meaux as the bearer of armistice proposals. The adventures which he encountered on this perilous mission Sir Edward committed to paper in the form of a charming narrative ("Through the Lines," printed for private circulation only), which proved that the writer, if he cared, might have become as illustrious in literature as he has grown distinguished in diplomacy.

And of his triumphs and records in the latter field you observe mementoes enough scattered and hung about his own spacious and richly furnished room at the Embassy—souvenirs of the long and varied process whereby he slowly climbed the official ladder of which the separate and successive rungs are marked by Frankfort, Brussels, Parana, Rio, Washington, Lisbon, Paris, Pekin, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Cairo, Brussels again, and Berlin. What an education for any man to have lived at all these places in turn, and imbibed all that was good and edifying in the native and foreign society of these capitals! In some respects Sir Edward has been regarded as the spoilt child of the diplomatic service. Luck certainly has always been on his side, but it was luck combined with real merit; and though he is not exactly the kind of man who would have made his mark in Parliament, or in the stormy public field of political action, the fitness of things was never better accorded with than when he embraced the diplomatic career. The worst, or as some might say the best, of it is that diplomatists, from the very nature of their calling, must hide their light under a bushel. Their action is secret, unproclaimed; and except on the rare occasions when their despatches are given to the world, their countrymen never have an opportunity of judging to what extent they justify the trust that has been reposed in them, and deserve the splendid privileges and emoluments of their positions.



THE GRAND SALOON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

But diplomatic merit is in the very blood of the Malets. Sir Edward's father was a skilful negotiator, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments of his own room, among a series of fine Seringapatam battle-pieces, is a steel engraving of the painting by Daniel, R.A. (now at Wilbury, the family seat in Wilts) portraying the signing of the Treaty of Poonah (1796), the work of his grandfather, Sir Charles Warre Malet, by which the Maharatta kingdom was handed over to the "John Company." These Indian pieces are varied by a series of vivid water colours of Athens, portraits of all the greatest of our modern English statesmen from Pitt to Salisbury, a large likeness of the Ambassador's own mother—who was a Spalding, of Kirkcudbrightshire—flanked by those of two favourite private secretaries; and quite a picture gallery of other persons and events. But this art gallery is combined with an art museum, in which perhaps the most striking objects are a state saddle given to Sir Edward by the Khedive on the occasion of his presenting his credentials to his Highness in 1879, and a miniature reproduction in silver of Cleopatra's Needle, presented to him by the Prince of Wales in acknowledgment of his having accompanied the two sons of his Royal Highness up the Nile.

Other personal gifts on which Sir Edward sets a high value are a photograph of the Emperor talking to him on the terrace of Hatfield House on the occasion of his Majesty's State visit to England in 1891, and an autograph portrait of the Iron Chancellor, whose confidence was gained by the Ambassador in a very high degree. This was all the more flattering in view of the fact that Sir Edward's tenure of office at Berlin has been in every respect much more trying than that of any of his predecessors, reaching back even to the time of Frederick the Great. For the political anxieties of his post, including the adjustment of our colonial relations to Germany, were swelled by a rapid succession of what might be called personal incidents, such as the death of the old Emperor, the tragedy of his ill-fated son, the accession of the present Kaiser and his problematic character, the fall of Bismarck and the policy of his successor, several delicate missions of the Prince of Wales, and a visit from the Queen to see her dying son-in-law. On this occasion her Majesty was

entertained at the Embassy, and had an opportunity of observing how perfectly its hospitalities are presided over by Sir Edward's high-born and accomplished partner, Lady Ermytrude Malet, sister of the present Duke of Bedford. Through her the Embassy has become a kind of appanage of the Bedford family, seeing that her husband's predecessor, Lord Odo Russell, who died as Lord Amthill, was its first diplomatic tenant. But, indeed, an Ambassadors' worthier in all respects than Lady Ermytrude could not well have been found; and though at Berlin there is not very much society in the English sense of the term, it is admitted by all that, whether entertaining in her palace of the Wilhelm Strasse or in her summer villegiatura at Potsdam, Sir Edward's social coadjutor is the perfection of a hostess.

Passing through the large and splendidly furnished library—in which Lord Beaconsfield spent so much of his time during the Berlin Congress—and then the billiard-room, you come to the gorgeous ball-room, which is used as a banqueting-hall on state occasions, as in the accompanying Illustration. Fittingly prominent among the ornaments of this spacious apartment is a central portrait of Queen Victoria flanked by one of her Georgian predecessors on the throne, and by a life-size presentment of the King of the Belgians, the gift of his Majesty to Sir Edward on his leaving Brussels for Berlin. From the entrance of the Embassy to this ball-room, or banqueting hall, the ceremonial way leads through a sumptuous succession of drawing and reception rooms, all furnished in the perfection of English taste, as two of our Illustrations amply show; and perhaps the most luxurious of these is the octagonal one, which serves as the gathering ground for guests on ordinary dinner occasions, one side of it being formed by the drop-curtain of a stage, on which the secretaries and friends of the Ambassador now and then give private proof of their histrionic skill. Altogether, it is a palace fit for an Emperor; nor is it too much to say that of all the diplomatic entertainments which he accepts during the Berlin season—extending from Christmas till Easter—the German Kaiser himself never feels more at home than when he takes his seat, under the speaking portrait of his own English grandmother, with her personal representative opposite to him, and Lady Ermytrude Malet on his right hand.

C. L.



LITERATURE.

THE WORLD'S PLEASURES.

*The World's Pleasures.* By Clara Savile-Clarke. The Modern Library. Volume II. (Bliss, Sands, and Foster, London.)—The pleasure which is born of pain is the principal basis of the five short stories in this dainty volume. Yet there is also a remembrance of the dictum of Tacitus, *prævalent illicita*, and a gloom which is the outcome of no common art. The work is cast in a mould damped with woman's tears—sometimes with pretty tears, sometimes with peevish tears, but always with tears “from the windy tempest of the heart.” A wise discernment leads the authoress to place the least successful of her stories at the beginning of her book. There is something Ouidaesque, and *ergo* something bizarre, about her “Pleasures of Marriage.” Given an indifferent man, a woman seeking for sympathy, a lisping child to act as the *deus ex machina*, and a comedy villain, and the rest of the story is told in a dozen lines. It needs only the scented cigars, the Venetian glass, and an extravagant disregard for expense, to be in the best mood of the femininely heroic school. From this, however, Miss Savile-Clarke has saved herself by a perception which is both artistic and skilful. When one passes to her next story, “Blue-Eyed Pleasure,” the same skill serves her even to better purpose. She moves a bad baron, a princely prince, an angelic sister, a woman of the world, and a blue-eyed butterfly with such literary spirit and lightness that her readers will never pause to remember that they have met all these people before in infinitely less pleasing company. The butterfly, the thoughtless yet pretty woman who treads on many hearts in her own upward march to the reality of a pleasure which, being realised, is half a pain, is an admirably drawn sketch of a common type, so often made grotesque by the unskilled novelist. The cynic in the story is a tender cynic, who is quite untrue to his creed. And here, as elsewhere, every person of the play greets every other person as though with the salutation “*Moi, je souffre.*” This tone of sadness is more dramatically handled in the chapter dealing with “The Pleasures of Inheritance.” At a season when all doctors combine to preach an apocalypse against morphia and the drug habit, it is quite fitting that the story-writer should take materials from their teaching. In rough hands the portrayal of a wife wrecking her life by an overpowering craving for morphia might be both repulsive and cheaply melodramatic. Here she is neither, being a woman who is weak enough and sympathetic enough for pity, and one who is the centre of a really strong story. A similar measure of praise can be given to “The Pleasures of Sin,” a title startling enough to arouse expectation of an essay upon cigarette-smoking at the least. It is nothing of the sort, however, but only a new version of the oldest of old stories. Yet the pathos of it is quite real, despite the introduction of a golden-haired man who would have led many a writer into bathos.

MAX PEMBERTON.

THE ART ANNUAL.

*William Holman Hunt: His Life and Works.* (J. S. Virtue and Co.)—Mr. Holman Hunt has been selected as the subject of this year's *Art Annual*, and no better choice could have been made; for Mr. Hunt represents more distinctly than any other contemporary artist the influence which recreated English painting in this century. In the admirable survey of his work written by Archdeacon Farrar we obtain a glimpse of the earnestness of purpose and the uncompromising truthfulness which are the “trade marks” of Mr. Holman Hunt's art. It was these qualities which, at the very outset of his career, induced him to go down to the Essex marshes in order to realise as far as possible the life which families of the humblest and poorest led, and thus to give some touch of reality to his picture “A Converted British Family Sheltering a Missionary,” painted in 1850, when Mr. Holman Hunt seemed for a moment to be hesitating between Keats and Christianity as the source whence to draw the subjects for his art. It was, perhaps, happily for his fellow-countrymen that he chose to make his reputation as the painter of religious pictures. “The Light of the World,” “The Scapegoat,” and the “Finding of Jesus in the Temple” will be works by which Mr. Holman Hunt will be most and best known in times to come. To paint them, he underwent considerable hardship, and exposed himself often to serious risk when, during the lawless times of the Crimean War, he camped out on the shores of the Dead Sea, in order better to realise the actual scene of desolation where the scapegoat succumbed. It is a weird, and at the same time an impressive picture; and, although it will not take place in public favour with the “Finding of Christ in the Temple,” painted six years later, it will have an attraction for all who in future days may be interested in the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England. Of the “Finding of Jesus in the Temple,” it is a pity that Archdeacon Farrar should not have known the criticism passed on it by a Jewish lady who, while admiring it, said that Mr. Holman Hunt, notwithstanding his anxiety to be accurate, had given the elders flat feet, a distinctive feature of the tribe of Reuben; whereas the rabbis of the tribe of Judah were distinguished by an arched instep! With regard to the reproduction given, it may have at least a memorial interest, since the publishers assert that it represents the last effort of line-engraving—now quite a dead art—in this country. It was executed some time ago for the *Art Journal* by Messrs. Lizars and Greatbach, and was considered a remarkably truthful rendering of the original picture. It certainly possesses qualities which some of the modern methods in vogue only partially convey; but in art, as in other things, the “old order changes, yielding place to new.” Not the least interesting feature in the present *Art Annual* is another “Christ among the Doctors,” of which the original picture has not yet been exhibited. It differs altogether from the earlier work in intention and treatment, and is destined to be reproduced in mosaic in the chapel of Clifton College. It is needless to add that the *Art Annual* is copiously illustrated with reproductions of Mr. Holman Hunt's works, the fruit of fifty years' devotion to his art; and the review of its development by Mrs. Meynell forms a pleasant supplement to Archdeacon's Farrar's discourse upon its moral aims and lessons.

LIONEL ROBINSON.

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE'S NEW NOVEL.

*A Gray Eye or So.* By F. Frankfort Moore. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)—Mr. Frankfort Moore is a man of *esprit*, and in the pages of his latest novel wit and epigram sparkle to distraction. The story is rather overloaded with wit, and the good things would be far better appreciated if they were spread over half a dozen books. As it is, one skips Mr. Moore's epigrams occasionally in order to get on with the story. And one is tickled unreasonably not at the wittiest things, but at something unexpected, or something absurd, as put into the mouth of Mr. Moore's “plunger,” Mr. Archie Brown. It is somewhat bad for the story through quite two volumes that Mr. Moore cannot refrain from being cynically witty even at his hero's expense. This gives the book an air of artificiality which misrepresents it. The only person at whom the author does not jibe some time or other is the possessor of “A Gray Eye or So.” Sometimes his cynicism is extremely amusing—

“I call her a clever girl,” replied Lady Inisfail. “Don't we all aim at that sort of thing?”

“Perhaps we did once,” said Mrs. Burgoyne, who was a year or two younger than her hostess. “I should hope that our aims are different now. We are too old, are we not—you and I—for any man to insult us by making love to us?”

“A woman is never too old to be insulted, thank God,” said Lady Inisfail; and Mrs. Burgoyne's laugh was not the laugh of a matron who is shocked.

There is a good deal of brilliant and mocking character-drawing in the book, Lady Inisfail being, perhaps, the wittiest of all. One would have been content to take Mr. Moore as a wit if one had followed his story to only the end of the second volume. But early in the third there is a surprise for the reader who may have been all the time chafing at a certain want of heart in the cold brightness of the writing. Nothing could well be more unexpected than the real passion in the three chapters entitled “On the Son of Aphrodite,” “On the Shortcomings of a System,” and “On Moonlight and Morals.” These show that Mr. Moore has real power in a new direction, and power of an incomparably finer and stronger kind than mere *esprit*. It is quite possible these chapters may shock some delicate people, but to me they seem by no manner of means unwholesome. They make us hope that next time Mr. Moore will give us a novel of sentiment—to use a much abused word. Despite his cynicism he can see that the world is really ruled by something that is not at all cynical.

On the whole, “A Gray Eye or So” is an amazingly clever book. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Moore is right to regard his own sex with an unsparingly cynical eye. It seemed to me that the pother between Harold Wynne, after he had become Lord Fotheringay, and Beatrice was trouble to waste. The young gentleman had but to say, “Our marriage was informal, however binding upon us; let us have a new ceremony!” But a gentleman whom I have consulted corroborates Mr. Moore in assuming that an average man, good enough for a hero of fiction, would precisely so bungle his part in the scene. So a mere feminine spectator is silenced.

It does not seem to me that the Castle Inisfail part of the story is especially interesting, nor the festival of the Cruiskeen convincing, unless it be for the credulous Saxon for whom it was manufactured. But taking all this for granted, Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a brilliant book.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP.

*The Soul of the Bishop.* By John Strange Winter. Two volumes. (London: White and Co.)—This is becoming serious. The other day it was Miss Marie Corelli and the Crucifixion, a singular, wild, suggestive work, with many beautiful pages. To-day it is John Strange Winter and the Thirty-Nine Articles. There is nothing wild about John Strange Winter, but in this particular work there is also, I am afraid, nothing strikingly suggestive. It is quite earnest, and the tone is good and wholesome, but it has left one well-disposed reader somewhat cold. I suppose there are handsome and pleasing young ladies, of unexceptionable parentage, fond of the hunting-field and the ball-room, who are capable of throwing over a lover, and a Bishop to boot, for the sake of conscientious doubts respecting the Thirty-Nine Articles; but the situation, as presented here, has an air of unreality. Even when Cecil has finally dismissed her Bishop in the chapter appropriately entitled “Amen!” one's sympathies with her can get no further than the devout wish that she had had the digestion of that undergraduate who, questioned by his tutor concerning these Articles, expressed his readiness to “swallow the lot, and a fortieth, too.” But Cecil's case is a hopeless one. One single Article is more than enough for her; she cannot get it down. The Gospels trouble her, too. “The pieces don't fit, Archie,” she protests, with tears, to the Bishop, after having been “up all night” to “read the whole of the four Gospels over several times.” It is an awful dilemma for a Bishop in love, and poor Bishop Archie, who is so handsome and so popular with everybody, but with whom theological argument is not the strongest point, does not make the pieces fit to Cecil's satisfaction, and can nohow persuade her to gulp, swallow, or bolt the Articles. Cecil grows thin and pale in the attempt, and the Bishop's blue eyes (strange, how seldom we think of the colour of our Bishops' eyes!) are “filled with indescribable agony”; and Society, knowing nothing of the mystery of the Articles, is filled with indescribable astonishment. It goes from bad to worse. In vain does the Bishop urge that “our religion was not given to us to be a sort of bogie.” Cecil has found bogies enow in it, Thirty-Nine of them, to say nothing of the Gospels which don't fit. The pity of it is that the distracted heroine is neither prig nor pedant, but a comely and nice young lady, who would have made the Bishop the best wife in the world. And the Bishop is a nice man, too. He makes so dashing a start in his wooing that I felt convinced he would get home a winner on the last page, beating the Articles by a short head at least. How could one anticipate defeat for a Bishop who bestows the first kiss on his sweetheart in a corridor communicating with a ballroom where Society is waltzing to slow time? And fancy a Bishop like that losing a wife all on account of the Thirty-nine Articles! It is deplorable to think of. Don't let us think of it any more.

TIGHE HORKINS.

THE

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THE DECEMBER AND CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

Enlarged to 164 Pages,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Will be Ready on Nov. 27.

CONTENTS.

TO PHYLLIS .. .. .	Frontispiece.
SOME JEWEL MYSTERIES I HAVE KNOWN. (From a Dealer's Notebook.)—I. THE OPAL OF CARMALOVITCH .. ..	MAX PEMBERTON.
THE RUBY HUMMING-BIRD .. .. .	EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
“MIGNONNE” .. .. .	CHARLES SAINTON.
CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNE. A Play in One Act ..	WILFRED WEMLEY.
THE CURLING TONGS .. .. .	J. M. BULLOCK.
KADDUR .. .. .	W. E. NORRIS.
AMARYLLIS .. .. .	ROBERT HERRICK.
AN IMPRESSION OF VENICE .. .. .	H. W. MASSINGHAM.
THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS .. .. .	ROBERT HERRICK.
A STAGE ON THE ROAD .. .. .	ANTHONY HOPE.
THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME .. .. .	L. F. AUSTIN AND A. R. ROPES.
TALES OF REVENGE.—III. WHICH WAS THE MURDERER? ..	ROBERT BARR.
SANTA CLAUS OF LONG AGO .. .. .	CHARLES CUSHNIE.
THE OVERTURE TO TANNHAUSER .. .. .	E. P. BENSON.
ON A GIRDLE .. .. .	EDMUND WALLER.
ANCIENT EARTHWORKS AT DORCHESTER .. .. .	THOMAS HARDY.
AN IDYLL OF LONDON .. .. .	BEATRICE HARRADEN.
THE ZOO REVISITED.—I. A CHAT WITH THE QUEEN'S LION.	PHIL ROBINSON.
MARGOT .. .. .	JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE LADY .. .. .	E. NESBIT.
THE MUSE OF THE HALLS .. .. .	GEORGE GISSING.
CYNTHIA'S LOVE AFFAIRS.—I. HENRY SILVESTER ..	BARRY PAIN.
LILIES .. .. .	H. BULLINGHAM.
IN THE PERMANENT WAY .. .. .	MRS. STEEL.
THE GOLDEN BALL. A Fairy Tale .. .. .	CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

Ready Nov. 27.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED \* LONDON \* NEWS

CONTAINING

SHORT STORIES

BY RUDYARD KIPLING, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, W. E. NORRIS, CANON ATKINSON, BARRY PAIN, MARIE CORELLI.

THREE COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS

AND NUMEROUS FINE-ART ILLUSTRATIONS

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., GORDON BROWNE, A. FORESTIER, R. C. WOODVILLE, DUDLEY HARDY, F. BARNARD.

AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Now Ready.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

A BEAUTIFUL

TREASURY of PICTURES for the CHILDREN,

PRINTED IN COLOURS

AND A

PRESENTATION PLATE: “I’SE BIGGEST.”

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Now Ready.

SKETCH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIL MAY, DUDLEY HARDY, AND OTHER HUMOROUS ARTISTS.

A COLOURED SUPPLEMENT,

AND SOME

Beautiful Examples of Colour Printing.

THE MOST FRIVOLOUS OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Now Ready.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1894.

SIX PICTURES IN CHROMO.

Monthly Calendar—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High-water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1894—Eclipses, &c.

By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c.

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS AS HEADINGS TO CALENDAR.

Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year—National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licenses—Public Acts passed during the last Session of Parliament—Notable Occurrences—and Obituary.

TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Edited by JABEZ HOGG, F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., &c.

IN PICTORIAL COVER.

Price ONE SHILLING; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny. Published at the Office of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, Post-Office Orders, &c., Payable to INGRAM BROTHERS.

Office: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.





Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep.—CAMPBELL.

THE SANDPIPER, FLAG-SHIP OF SIR MICHAEL COMBE-SEYMOUR, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



## THE PHANTOM COACH.—II.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

"I've been to Breccles, Biddy! I suppose you never heard of Breccles."

"Not heard o' Breccles? Dash it! The first sixpence I ever had o' my own I got at Breccles!" said the old woman. Then she proceeded to tell me how it was. Biddy was a "little 'un," and she had an aunt who was dairymaid at Breccles Hall—and Squire Taylor "give my aunt leave to have me stop wi' her, and I slept with aunt, that was when Mrs. Taylor was alive [she died in 1807], and Miss Penelope was there, too; she was Squire Taylor's sister, and Mr. Philip, him as shot hisself, and Miss Maria, she took and gave me a kiss, she did. But it was Miss Penelope as gave me the sixpence. She was what folks called a mighty stately old lady. But she gave me sixpence. That's where the coach stopped and fetched Jarge Mace!"

"What coach, Biddy?" "Why, the coach as goes about at night-time!"

I gathered that about this time Squire Taylor was out at elbows. Perhaps the son had taken to evil habits. Perhaps the good man was over-housed, perhaps the times were bad—indeed, they were bad times for the landlords at the beginning of the century. Be it as it may, Squire Taylor had been cutting down the timber. "Miles and miles o' woods," said Biddy, which you must accept *cum grano*. Bad times have a tendency to bring out all the badness in half-starved men. There was a wide stretch of open country, heather—commons not yet all enclosed—and waste lands to the west of Breccles, where there were large flocks of sheep and rabbits; and to the east there were still some squire's houses, and pheasants and hares in the spinneys; and it was whispered that there was a regular band of smugglers, who were organised to carry *Holland's* across the open from somewhere to somewhere, and who, somehow, had confederates who did something while the peasantry kept their eyes open or shut according as it suited their purpose.

One night—it was at the beginning of the century and a little before Christmas-time—a band of fellows from Shropham and Rockland agreed to meet in a plantation "somewheres behind Breccles Hall," and one of the men was a certain George Mace, who was a very black sheep at the little town of Watton, or near it. The probability is that Mace was the leader, and that the fellows were bent on "drawing the covers" round Merton, where the second Lord Walsingham kept up some state when he was in residence.

"Mace! Mace! Why, there was a great prize-fighter named Mace, Biddy. Any relation of his?"

"Begging your pardon, Sir! Boxer Mace was Jem Mace, and he came from Bilney or thereby. I've often had a chat with Jem Mace before he took to boxing. But there's a lot of Maces round about Bilney. Jarge Mace, he came from Watton, and he was christened Jarge because he was born the day the King was crowned, and I never heard tell as he had nothing to do with Boxer Mace!"

Then came many speculations about the illustrious house of Mace and the most illustrious Jem—who, I was informed, took a public house in Norwich, where he ended his days in the odour of beer and tobacco—till we came back at last to Jarge, and how he was a mysterious sort of a man, who was never without money in his pocket, though nobody knew where it came from; how he never did a stroke of work; how he was suspected of having been implicated in two or three serious robberies, and had never been even apprehended; how folks said he kind o' set on other rogues, and gave information, and was a sort of a spy who had methods of his own which he followed in a sly Satanic way; how he was a woman-hater, and a man who could drink all night in the alehouse and never open his mouth; how his only ostensible means of livelihood was skittles, which he played for miles round; and how he had played a keeper for his velvet jacket, and won it and wore it for years, "and never wore no other, so I've heard my aunt say. But aunt never saw him, 'cause the coach came and fetched Jarge years before my aunt was dairymaid at Breccles. But she was that afraid of Jarge and of the coach coming to the Hall that she couldn't sleep o' nights watching for it. And it was all as ever Miss Penelope could do to make her stay two years, though Miss Maria kept laughing at her all the time. And at last she couldn't bear it, and she went and got married."

Whether the fact that Squire Taylor's son, daughter, and sister were all unwedded, though they were at least mature when Biddy's aunt was dairymaid, had awakened a dread in that virtuous female's mind lest she, too, as an inmate of the Hall, would be infallibly doomed to celibacy if she remained there; or whether she was haunted with the dread that where the coach stopped, there there could be no marrying or giving in marriage, I cannot take upon me to determine; but Biddy's aunt "went and got married," and for the rest of her life she would frequently recur to the coming of the coach, and every particular and detail of her narrative she protested with solemn oaths and asseverations was true as Gospel, and Biddy believed her as in duty bound.

The little band of poachers or thieves—it is hard to say which—met at the trysting place in the plantation. They received their instructions from Mace, who, it was agreed, was to watch the house for a certain time, then join them "somewhere by Thompson way, I've heard my aunt say." There again Mace was to be the look-out man; finally they were to get back to Breccles Hall and settle up before the moon went down. After that, each was to get home at his own risk as best he could. Everything went smoothly, everything had been skilfully arranged. As to the plunder, whatever it was, Aunt couldn't say anything about it. The moon was getting low. The rogues crept back to a shed behind the Hall and waited. Mace was not there. They listened, and heard nothing. One peeped out, and then another; and time wore on and the moon got lower. Hark! Rumbling along over the villainous roads that scarcely deserved the name a carriage was evidently making its way to the front door. The four fellows saw the

coach-lamps flashing through the stained-glass windows of the old mansion—the very coats of arms were painted on the hour-frost at their feet. At the front door the coach stopped; they heard the carriage-door open, the steps let down—the door was shut again with a slam. The next moment there was utter darkness, the moon had set, and the stillness was as the stillness of the grave. In the house it was evident that no one had heard anything—no one was awake, no one stirred. The coach had vanished.

Then those four men went their ways; they would stay no longer. Next morning Jarge Mace was found lying dead at the front door of Breccles Hall. Not a mark upon his body; not a stain upon his garments; his eyes staring glassily, stiff and cold. And yet arrogant sceptics have the hardihood to disbelieve in the phantom coach, and will maintain that it never did set down anybody, or pick up and fetch anybody, not even Jarge Mace.

## WEDDING PRESENT FOR MISS BORTHWICK.

The members of council and officers of the Newspaper Press Fund, whose president is Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., M.P., have presented to Miss Lilius Borthwick, on the occasion of her marriage, on Nov. 15, a gift consisting of a two-handled bowl, of solid silver, richly chased; with



SILVER BOWL PRESENTED TO MISS LILIAS BORTHWICK (LADY BATHURST).

shaped border, on an ebonised plinth. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.

## A RELIC OF THE SOUDAN WAR.

In the expedition to Khartoum for the rescue of General Gordon, while the British troops were crossing the Bayuda Desert, they picked up the shell of a freshwater turtle, abandoned by Gordon's refugees. This unique relic was secured by Captain J. H. Forster, and was recently presented by him to the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. The rim and base of the shell have been mounted in silver, artistically wrought, resting upon miniature models of the Sphinx and Pyramids. The inscription, engraved upon a silver plate affixed to the ebonised plinth is as follows: "The Nile, 1884-5. Freshwater turtle shell abandoned by Gordon's refugees. Picked up in the Bayuda Desert and presented to the Officers' Mess by Captain J. H. Forster, commanding C Company 1st



SHELL OF FRESHWATER TURTLE FROM THE BAYUDA DESERT.

Battalion the Royal Irish Regiment." The mounting and decorating were done by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street.

A great fire took place in the Old Bailey, opposite Newgate prison, on Wednesday, Nov. 15, at half-past ten in the evening, and spread into Fleet Lane and to the premises of Messrs. Cassell and Co., in Belle Sauvage Yard. The damage done was mostly to the buildings and stock of the Crown Perfumery Company, which were entirely destroyed.

## THE REAL LEMAÎTRE.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

We all love M. Jules Lemaitre, that is understood. I love him—or, as Mr. Lang would say, "one loves him"—with a passion no whit inferior to that of Mr. Lang himself, or even of Mr. Walkley. But one cannot help wondering whether the Lemaitre whom Mr. Lang loves is the genuine Jules, or only "another man of the same name," made more or less after Mr. Lang's own image. I confess—pardon! one confesses—that the portrait of M. Lemaitre presented recently in *The Illustrated London News* has a good deal the air of a composite photograph. Charming as is this "L.L." blend, one would fain attempt to disengage the fundamental Lemaitre from the superimposed Lang.

"The courtesy of his remarks, his urbanity," writes Mr. Lang, "particularly deserve our imitation." The general proposition is, of course, beyond dispute; but when Mr. Lang goes on to quote M. Lemaitre's revelation of "the secret of his method" as a proof of his courtesy, it almost seems as though the finest shade of the critic's irony—the irony within irony, so to speak—escaped his notice. It is obvious, in the first place, that M. Lemaitre's courteous periphrases lose a good deal of their emollient effect (if, indeed, they do not rather add insult to injury) the moment he has given the key to them. An author could scarcely be called unreasonably irritable if he bitterly resented the "urbanity" which says "Your work is conscientious," and then adds in a stage whisper, "When I say 'conscientious,' I, of course, mean 'imbecile'; only the author is such an imbecile that he won't see it." Observe that in reality the author is seldom such an imbecile as to require a key to this system of "courteous" transpositions, which is by no means an invention of M. Lemaitre's; so that the critic who employs it can scarcely be said (as Mr. Lang puts it) to exchange the bludgeon for the rapier, but rather to dip his weapon, be it bludgeon or rapier, in a bath of treacle.

It is to be noted, moreover, that the "frank revelation of the secret of M. Lemaitre's method" which so impresses Mr. Lang is not so frank as it seems. A very cursory glance over his critical volumes will prove, at all events, that he has more methods than one. He is at once less and more courteous than Mr. Lang imagines. He is quite capable, on occasion, of uttering without the slightest periphrasis his contempt for literature which is not literature; and he is incapable of discounting his praise of what is really fine and distinguished by applying the same, or similar, terms to vulgar, tawdry, and mechanical rodmontade. For instance, he is not so discourteous to a great artist like Maupassant as to mention him in the same breath with, say, M. Georges Ohnet. On the contrary, he opens his study of that popular author with the following sentence—"It is my custom to discourse to my readers on literary subjects: I must beg them to excuse me if I speak to-day of the novels of M. Georges Ohnet." I wonder how M. Ohnet relishes the courtesy of this exordium! And the distinction which he here expresses so trenchantly is ever present to M. Lemaitre's mind. It is quite conceivable that M. Lemaitre may have a personal weakness in his leisure moments for *biblia a-biblia*, ephemeral yarn-spinnings, such as the works of, say, MM. Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey, or the romances of M. Jules Verne. I doubt whether he has any foible of this nature, for I find no trace of the schoolboy or the savage in his composition; but even if some such quaint survival entered into his mental habit, we may be sure that he would keep his non-literary debauches apart from his literary pleasures, and not speak of Xavier de Montépin as though he were the peer, in the artistic world, of Maubert, or even of Pierre Loti. Take the case of the elder Dumas: M. Lemaitre acknowledges his "surprising genius," which no sane critic would dispute; but he does not prostrate himself at the feet of the great story-teller and declare that outside this cult there is no literary salvation. On the contrary, he apologises for the lukewarmness of his appreciation by explaining that he did not begin to read Dumas until he was twenty-eight. Might not some of our English Dumas-worshippers imitate this candour, and admit that the fervour of their adoration is mainly due to the fact that they devoured him at fourteen?

Again, Mr. Lang does much less than justice to M. Lemaitre's catholicity in quoting, as though it were a deliberate judgment, his whimsical speculation as to whether, fifty years hence, people may not come back to Mimi Pinson and wonder at that "triste baliverne, le roman clinique." Mr. Lang, as he tells us in so many words (even using, in his vehemence, the first personal pronoun), agrees with Mdlle. Mimi Pinson and Monsieur J. J. Weiss in loathing the *triste*, the squalid—in short, what is conventionally termed the "realistic"; and by means of the aforesaid quotation he makes it appear that M. Lemaitre is of the same opinion as this odd reactionary trio. Once more the French critic's irony seems to escape his English admirer. If Mr. Lang will re-read M. Lemaitre's criticisms of Zola and Maupassant, or his articles on some of the plays produced at the Théâtre Libre, he will find that he is very far from summarily dismissing realism as a "triste baliverne." M. Lemaitre may have his moods of Mimi-Pinsonism, in which it may amuse him to gird at the naturalists; but he is far too large, liberal, and sane a spirit to dream of imposing the Mimi-Pinson ideal either upon the present or upon the future. Can Mr. Lang possibly fail to note the undercurrent of "blague" in his affectations (for they are little more) of Mimi-Pinsonism? Yet M. Lemaitre, with all his irony, takes literature very seriously. He has that first requisite of the true critic—an alert curiosity, and a ready appreciation, for every artistic utterance of the adult human spirit. While founding always upon his personal impressions, he does not claim for his chance preferences the validity of laws, but does his best to allow for and correct the personal equation. Nothing that is literature is alien to him; but school-boy imagination and shop-girl sentiment are not in his eyes converted into literature by the mere fact that they are popular articles of commerce. He is equally free from unreasoning prejudices and from perverse enthusiasms.



Mr. Bailey.

Mr. Isaacs.

Capt. Harrison. Mr. Jackson. Mr. Wright. Mr. Pilkington.

Mr. Knowles. Mr. Hewlett. Mr. B. Ellis. Mr. Crampton.

Mr. Babbler, Q.C. Mr. J. D. Ellis.

Mr. Davy.

Mr. Briggs.



Mr. Cowley.

Mr. Richard, M.P.

Mr. Ashton.

Mr. Woods, M.P.

Mr. Purcott.

Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Llewellyn Smith.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE COAL STRIKE.—CONFERENCE BETWEEN OWNERS' AND MINERS' DELEGATES AT DOWNING STREET: LORD ROSEBERY READING THE FINAL AGREEMENT.



SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, and  
COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS.

NEW NOVELS AND STORIES AT ALL LIBRARIES.  
**THE HANDSOME HUMES.** By WILLIAM BLACK. In 3 vols. Second Edition.  
**THE EMIGRANT SHIP.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL. In 3 vols. Second Edition. "The story is capitally told, and full of fresh interest."—*Athenaeum*.  
**A PRISONER OF WAR.** By F. A. INDERWICK, Q.C., "Author of 'Sidelights on the Stuarts,' &c. Illustrated. Bound in Japanese vellum, small post 8vo, 6s.

**CLAUDEA'S ISLAND.** By ESMÉ STUART. Author of "Virginia's Husband," "Joan Volla-cott," &c. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
**A WITCH'S LEGACY.** By HESKETH J. BELL. Author of "Obeah: Witchcraft in the West Indies," &c. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

**THE TRIUMPH OF THERESA: A Novel.** By JEFFREY ARDEN. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

IMPORTANT NEW WORK BY H. M. STANLEY.  
**MY DARK COMPANIONS AND THEIR STRANGE STORIES.** By HENRY M. STANLEY, D.C.L., &c. With over 60 illustrations by Walter W. Buckley. 1 vol., small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.  
"Mr. Stanley has constructed a fascinating edifice of folklore. . . . A collection of mythological stories which are both interesting and instructive."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S TRAVELS IN MASHOANLAND, MEN, MINES, and ANIMALS in SOUTH AFRICA.** By LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. With Special Portrait, numerous Illustrations, and Route-Map. Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo; cloth, 6s.

**TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP, 1882-1892.** From the Original Manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder, late Priest of the Austrian Mission Station at Delen, in Kordofan. By Major F. R. WINGATE, R.A. Fully Illustrated, Revised, and Condensed. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.  
"A book unique of its kind, and well worthy of the permanent place it has attained in contemporary literature."—*See twenty-page criticism in "Dublin Review" for October 1893.*

**HOW I SHOT MY BEARS; or, Two Years' Tent-Life in Kulu and Lahoul.** By Mrs. R. H. TYACKE. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
"Something really new and original in the literature of sport. . . . Mrs. Tyacke's tone is always lively, her style is pleasant, graphic, and accurate, and her book is charming."—*World*.

**ON THE INDIAN HILLS; or, Coffee-Planting in Southern India.** By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD, Author of "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician," Revised and partly Rewritten. With a Preface by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth 7s. 6d.  
"Fresher matter or more interesting reading of the kind has not been given to the public."—*Scotsman*.

**TWO ROVING ENGLISHWOMEN IN GREECE.** By ISABEL J. ARMSTRONG. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
"A lively narrative of an adventurous tour in classic lands, full of high spirits and good humour."—*Times*.

**THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO: The Great American Mystery.** By CHARLES F. LUMMIS, Author of "A Tramp Across the Continent," &c. Numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

**LANDMARKS OF A LITERARY LIFE, 1820-1892.** By Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND (Camilia Toulmin), Author of "Mrs. Blake," &c. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
"There are, it may be said, few notable names in the art, literature, and drama of the period embraced by the volume which do not recall to the venerable author interesting reminiscences."—*Scotsman*.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON and COMPANY (Limited), St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION  
OF  
THE OXFORD BIBLE  
FOR TEACHERS.

All the popular sizes are now ready.

The Very Rev. ROBERT PAYNE-SMITH, D.D., Dean of Canterbury:—"There is no important subject that is not adequately treated, and no branch of knowledge necessary for teacher or student which he will not find carefully and judiciously discussed and brought up to the level of the most accurate and latest information. I congratulate you upon having made the book, always valuable, so perfect and complete."

The Right Rev. Lord A. C. HERVEY, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells:—"The illustrations are really beautiful, and convey to 'faithful eyes' knowledge which no description could do with equal truth and force."

"Notes and Queries":—"The best scholarship in England has been devoted to its perfection, and it may now claim to be the handsomest, most comprehensive, and most trustworthy volume ever issued."

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW PART now ready, CROUCHMAS—CZECH. Volume II., Part 8, 21. 4s.

A  
NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY  
ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES.

Founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Imperial 4to.

The present position of the work is as follows:—

VOLUME I., A and B. Edited by Dr. MURRAY. Imperial 4to, half-morocco, £2 12s. 6d. (Published.) Also still sold in Parts as follows: Part I., A—ANT; Part II., ANT—BATTEN; Part III., BATTEN—BOZ; each 12s. 6d.; Part IV., 1, BRA—BYZ, 7s. 6d.

## NEW VOLUME.

VOLUME II., C. Edited by Dr. MURRAY. Imperial 4to, half-morocco, £2 12s. 6d. (Immediately.) Also still sold in Parts as follows: Part IV., 2, C—CASS, 5s.; Part V., CAST—CLIVY; Part VI., CLO—CONSIGNER; Part VII., CONSIGNER—CROUCHING; each 12s. 6d.; Part VIII., 1, CROUCHMAS—CZECH, 4s.

VOLUME III., D, E, F, and G. Edited by H. BRADLEY, M.A., with the co-operation of Dr. MURRAY. E—EVERY. Stiff covers, 12s. 6d. (Published.) EVERYBODY—FE. (In the Press.)

Full Clarendon Press Catalogues post free on application.

London: HENRY FROWDE,

Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, E.C.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW  
NOVELS, &c.

**JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S** New Novel, "RED DIAMONDS," is now ready, in 3 vols., at every Library.  
**MACLAREN COBBAN'S** New Novel, "THE BURDEN OF ISABEL," is also now ready, in 3 vols.

**VASHTI AND ESTHER: A Story of Society.** By the Writer of "Belle's" Letters in the "World." 2 vols. "Belle" is one of those gifted mortals who, pen in hand, cannot be dull even if they try. Many of the dialogues are brilliant, and, on the whole, the novel does undoubtedly justify the ambitious title under which its author writes in the "World."—*Land and Water*.

**OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER.** By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. 3 vols.  
"A highly interesting story very charmingly told."—*Scotsman*.

**WOMAN AND THE MAN.** By ROBERT BUCHANAN, Author of "God and the Man." 2 vols.

**TO HIS OWN MASTER.** By ALAN ST. AUBYN, Author of "The Old Maid's Sweetheart." 3 vols. "The book is brilliantly written."—*Scotsman*.

**A WASTED CRIME.** By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c. 2 vols.  
"Takes a high place, not only among the novels of the year, but among the achievements of the admirable writer from whom it comes."—*Daily Chronicle*.

**THE WOMAN OF THE IRON BRACELETS.** By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Folly Morrison," &c. 3 vols.  
"A lively story vividly told."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**THE REBEL QUEEN.** By WALTER BESANT, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions," 3 vols.  
"A remarkable work. It is fascinating as a fiction, and instructive and suggestive as a study."—*World*.

**THE GUN-RUNNER: A Romance of Zululand.** By BERTRAM MITFORD. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.  
"An intensely exciting story. The author writes from a fullness of experience."—*Review of Reviews*.

**THE LUCK OF GERARD RIDGELEY:** A Tale of the Zulu Border. By BERTRAM MITFORD. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

**THE RED SULTAN.** By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. A New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.  
"Comparisons are odious, and therefore we will not say that in 'The Red Sultan' Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' has found its superior; but we will say that it has found a worthy peer."—*Daily Chronicle*.

**BURGO'S ROMANCE.** By T. W. SPEIGHT, Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," &c. (This story forms the "GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL" for 1893.) Demy 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

**THE ANTIPODEAN.** An Illustrated Annual. Edited by G. ESSEX EVANS and J. TIGHE RYAN. With Portrait of and Poem by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and 94 Illustrations. Price 1s.

**NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY BOOKS.**  
**THE DICTATOR.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.  
**WITNESS TO THE DEED.** By G. MANVILLE FENN.  
**HEATHER AND SNOW.** By GEORGE MACDONALD.  
**TIME'S REVENGES.** By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.  
**ROPES OF SAND.** By R. E. FRANCILLON.  
**LADY VERNER'S FLIGHT.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.  
**A TRYING PATIENT.** By JAMES PAYN.  
**DR. PASCAL.** By E. ZOLA. With Frontispiece.  
**THE DREAM.** By E. ZOLA. With 3 Illustrations.  
**THE DOWNFALL.** By E. ZOLA.

**EMILE ZOLA: A Biographical and Critical Study.** By R. H. SHERARD. With Portraits, Illustrations, and Facsimile Letter. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s.  
"An admirable book. . . . A model of what a biography should be."—*Too-Day*.

**FROM PADDINGTON TO PENZANCE:** the Record of a Summer Tour. By CHARLES G. HARPER, Author of "The Brighton Road." With 105 Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, Irish linen, 10s.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

**THE BADMINTON LIBRARY.** Edited by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and ALFRED E. T. WATSON. Crown 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each Volume.

**ATHLETICS and FOOTBALL.** By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN. With 51 Illustrations.

**BOATING.** By W. B. WOODGATE. With 49 Illustrations.

**COURSING and FALCONRY.** By HARDING COX and the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES. With 76 Illustrations.

**CRICKET.** By A. G. STEEL and the Hon. R. H. LYTTELTON. With 63 Illustrations.

**CYCLING.** By VISCOUNT LACY (the Earl of Albemarle), K.C.M.G., and G. LACY HILLIER. With 89 Illustrations.

**DRIVING.** By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT. With 65 Illustrations.

**FENCING, BOXING, and WRESTLING.** By WALTER H. POLLOCK, F. C. GROVE, C. PREVOST, R. B. MICHELL, and WALTER ARMSTRONG. With 42 Illustrations.

**FISHING.** By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.  
Vol. I. SALMON, TROUT, and GRAYLING. With 158 Illustrations.  
Vol. II. PIKE and OTHER COARSE FISH. With 132 Illustrations.

**GOLF.** By HORACE HUTCHINSON, the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., ANDREW LANG, Sir W. G. SIMPSON, Bart., &c. With 88 Illustrations.

**HUNTING.** By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and MOWBRAY MORRIS. With 53 Illustrations.

**MOUNTAINEERING.** By C. T. DENT. With Contributions by W. M. CONWAY, D. W. FRESHFIELD, C. E. MATTHEWS, C. PHILKINGTON, Sir F. POLLOCK, Bart., H. G. WILLINK, and an Introduction by Mr. Justice WILLS. With 108 Illustrations.

**RACING and STEEPLECHASING.** By the EARL OF SUFOLK and BERKSHIRE, W. G. CRAVEN, &c. With 63 Illustrations.

**RIDING and POLO.** By Capt. ROBERT WEIR, Riding-Master, R.H.C., and J. MORAY BROWN. With Contributions by the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, &c. With 59 Illustrations.

**SHOOTING.** By LORD WALSLINGHAM and Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart.  
Vol. I. FIELD and COVERT. With 103 Illustrations.  
Vol. II. MOOR and MARSH. With 63 Illustrations.

**SKATING, CURLING, TOBOGGANING, and OTHER ICE SPORTS.** By J. M. HEATHCOTE, C. G. TILBET, T. MAXWELL WITHAM, the Rev. JOHN KERR, OSWOND HAKE, and HENRY A. BUCK. With 24 Illustrations.

**SWIMMING.** By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and WILLIAM HENRY, Hon. Secs. of the Life-Saving Society. With 119 Illustrations in the Text.

**TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS, and FIVES.** By J. M. and C. G. HEATHCOTE, F. O. FLEWELL-BOUVEHUE, and A. C. AINGER. With 79 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

## MESSRS. MACMILLAN and CO.'S

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

## POEMS.

By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.,

POET LAUREATE.

A Reprint of the 1857 Edition. With the Original Illustrations by T. Creswick, J. E. Millais, W. Holman Hunt, W. Mulready, J. C. Horsley, D. G. Rossetti, C. Stanfield, D. Macdise; engraved by W. J. Linton, T. Williams, J. Thompson, W. T. Green, and Dalziel Brothers. 4to, cloth, 21s.

A Limited Edition on hand-made paper, with Illustrations printed on Japanese paper and mounted in text. Super-royal 8vo, 42s. net.

**OUR VILLAGE.** By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and 100 Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Crown 8vo, gilt, or edges uncut, 6s.

Also an Edition de Luxe, super-royal 8vo, hand-made paper, uniform with "Cranford," 30s. net.

**HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD.** With a Preface by Alfred Ainger, and 130 Illustrations by Charles E. Brock. Crown 8vo, gilt, or edges uncut, 6s.

Also an Edition de Luxe, super-royal 8vo, hand-made paper, 20s. net.

**RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.** By WASHINGTON IRVING. With 50 Illustrations and a Preface by George H. Boughton, A.R.A. Crown 8vo, gilt, or edges uncut, 6s.

Also an Edition de Luxe, super-royal 8vo, hand-made paper, Cuts printed on Japanese paper, 35s. net.

**GOLF: A ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.** By ROBERT CLARK, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. Scot. Second Edition. With many Illustrations. Small 4to, 8s. 6d. net.

**JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY: Its History and Hope.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. With Wood Engravings from Drawings by Hamilton Aids, and Photographs by F. M. Good. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 16s. 6d.

**SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.** By WILLIAM WINTER. New Edition, revised, with 80 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

**GOBLIN MARKET.** By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. With 18 Page Illustrations and other decorations by Lawrence Housman. Cloth elegant, 5s.

Also an Edition de Luxe, super-royal 8vo, Hand-made Paper, 21s. net.

**SING-SONG: A Nursery Rhyme Book.** By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. With 120 Illustrations by Arthur Hughes, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Small 4to, 4s. 6d.

**SYLVIE AND BRUNO.** By LEWIS CARROLL. Second Part. With Illustrations by Harry Furniss. Crown 8vo.

**LETTERS TO MARCO.** Being Letters written to U. S. Marks, R.A. By GEORGE D. LESLIE, R.A. With Illustrations by the Author. Extra crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

**MARY.** By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by Leslie Brooke. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

MACMILLAN and Co., London.

**MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN'S LIST.**

**THE ART BOOK OF THE SEASON.**  
**REMBRANDT: His Life, His Work, and His Time.** By EMILE MICHEL. From the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. In 2 vols., royal 8vo, containing 33 Photogravures, 34 Coloured Plates, and 230 Text Illustrations. Price £2 2s. net.

Also an EDITION DE LUXE, limited to 150 copies for Great Britain, printed on vellum paper specially imported from Japan. With India proof duplicates of the Photogravures, printed in Paris. Price £10 10s. net. A few copies only remain.

**THE ROMANCE OF AN EMPRESS:** CATHARINE II. OF RUSSIA. From the French of R. Walliszewski. In 2 vols., 8vo, with Portrait, 28s. At all Libraries.

**MEMOIRS OF HANS BREITMANN.** By CHARLES G. LELAND. 2 vols., demy 8vo, with 2 Portraits, 32s. At all Libraries.

"Full of entertainment from first to last."—*The Times*.

**A FRIEND OF THE QUEEN; MARIE ANTOINETTE—COUNT FERSEN.** From the French of Paul Gaultier, by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. 2 vols., 8vo, with Portraits, 24s. At all Libraries.

**HEINE'S PROSE WORKS.** Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). The Cabinet Edition. Complete in 4 vols., post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, enclosed in a handsome cabinet, price £2 10s.

**ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.** By ARTHUR WAUGH, B.A. Oxon. With 22 Illustrations from Photographs specially taken for this Work, and 5 Portraits. Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, or uncut, 6s.

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE SECRET SERVICE.** The Recollections of a Spy. By Major HENRI LE CAIGN. Sixteenth Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; or boards, 2s. 6d.

**THE HOYDEN.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn," &c. In 3 vols. At all Libraries.

**THE COUNTESS RADNA.** By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "Matrimony," &c. In 3 vols. At all Libraries.

**THE HEAVENLY TWINS.** By SARAH GRAND, Author of "Ideala," &c. Fourth Thousand. In 3 vols. At all Libraries.

**A COMEDY OF MASKS.** By ERNEST POWSON and ARTHUR MOORE. In 3 vols. At all Libraries.

**APPASSIONATA: A MUSICIAN'S STORY.** By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. 6s.

**FROM THE FIVE RIVERS.** Stories of Native Life in India. By F. ANNIE STEEL, Author of "Miss Stuart's Legacy." 6s.

**THE TOWER OF TADDEO.** A Florentine Story. By GUIDA. With Illustrations by Holland Tinsman. 6s.

**IDEALA: A STUDY FROM LIFE.** By SARAH GRAND, Author of "The Heavenly Twins." 6s.

**THE PREMIER AND THE PAINTER.** By I. ZANGWILL and LOUIS COWEN. New Edition. 6s.

**ORIOLE'S DAUGHTER.** By JESSIE FOTHERGILL, Author of "The First Violin," &c. 3s. 6d.

**MADAMOISELLE MISS, and other Stories.** By HENRY HARLAND, Author of "Men Culpa." 3s. 6d.

**WRECKERS and METHODISTS.** Cornish Stories. By H. D. LOWRY. 3s. 6d.

**KITTY'S FATHER.** By FRANK BARRETT. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d.

**DONALD MARCY.** By ELIZABETH S. PHELPS, Author of "The Gates of Ajar." 3s. 6d.

**IN THE DWELLINGS OF SILENCE: A Romance of Russia.** By WALTER KENNEDY. 3s. 6d.

**PERCHANCE TO DREAM, and other Stories.** By MARGARET S. BRISCOE. 3s. 6d.

London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

## AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

**BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.** Each in One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

**BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.** SELECTED FROM AMONG THE BEST WORKS OF FICTION OF EACH YEAR.

Each Volume can be obtained separately in crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s., at all Booksellers' and Railway Bookstalls in the United Kingdom, and of all the leading Booksellers and Importers in the Colonies, and at the Railway Bookstalls in India and Australia.

By MARIE CORELLI.

THE SOUL OF LILITH.  
A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.  
VENDETTA.  
THELMA.  
WORMWOOD.  
ARDATH.

By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

THE "FIRST VIOLIN."  
BORDERLAND.  
KITH AND KIN.  
PROBATION.  
ALDYTH.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

"GOD'S FOOL."  
AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.  
THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH.

By MARY LINSKILL.

TALES OF THE NORTH RIDING.  
BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.  
THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.  
IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.  
CLEVEDEN.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

MRS. BLIGH.  
COMETH UP AS A FLOWER.  
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!  
JOAN. | NANCY.  
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.  
RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.  
SECOND THOUGHTS.  
BELINDA. | ALAS!  
DOCTOR CUPID.

By HELEN MATHERS.

COMIN' TIHOOR THE RYE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE THREE CLERKS.

By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

UNCLE SILAS.  
IN A GLASS DARKLY.  
THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD.

By Mrs. RIDDELL.

GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT.  
BERNA BOYLE.

By Lady G. FULLERTON.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

LOVER OR FRIEND?  
FOR LILIAS.  
HERIOT'S CHOICE.  
BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL.  
NELLIE'S MEMORIES.  
NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.  
ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.  
UNCLE MAX.  
WEE WIFE.  
WOOD AND MARRIED.  
ONLY THE GOVERNNESS.  
QUEENIE'S WHIM.  
MARY ST. JOHN.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

MISUNDERSTOOD.  
SEAFORTH.  
THROWN TOGETHER.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

HER DEAREST FOE.  
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.  
THE WOOING O'T.  
WHICH SHALL IT BE?

By JANE AUSTEN.

The only Complete Edition, besides the Stereotype Edition, upon hand-made paper, at 63s.  
LADY SUSAN and THE WATSONS.  
MANSFIELD PARK.  
EMMA.  
NORTHANGER ABBEY and PERSUASION.  
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.  
SENSE and SENSIBILITY.

By Mrs. PARR.

ADAM AND EVE.

By Baroness TAUTPHÆUS.

THE INITIALS.

By W. E. NORRIS.



## THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The history of the Irish family from whom the Brontë novelists descended has hitherto been obscure. Dr. Wright, after devoting great pains, from youth upward, to the task



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

of collecting Brontë traditions in Ireland, now publishes the results in a work of undeniable interest. ("The Brontës in Ireland."—Hodder and Stoughton.) He cannot, and does not, guarantee the accuracy of much that may have "won its way to the mythical," and, to be frank, part of his narrative is rather confused reading, while in other parts one suspects that the Brontë talent for fiction was not confined to literature. Thus, in Chapter III., we find the novelists, their father, Patrick; their grandfather, Hugh; then (Chapter IV.) Hugh's father, who is now called the great-great-grandfather of the novelists.

This he could not be: there are the novelists, their father, Patrick, their grandfather Hugh, and his father, who is the novelist's great-grandfather, not great-great-grandfather. This may seem a trivial slip, but the trouble it has given me in trying to find out what Dr. Wright really means is enormous. He does not give a genealogy (and then without a table) till he reaches p. 156. I shall try to aid the perplexed reader. We have—

HUGH I.

(Lived near the Boyne about 1700.)

SON OF HUGH I.

(Believed to have been a farmer in the South of Ireland.)

HUGH II.

(Carried off by an improbable villain called "The Foundling," and left to grow up as he can.)

PATRICK.

(Father of the novelists, son of Hugh II.)

THE NOVELISTS.

All the muddle comes from the attempt to skip a generation, caused by Dr. Wright's blunder on page 19—the statement, namely, that the father of Hugh II. was great-great-grandfather of Emily and Charlotte. He was their great-grandfather.

This brings us to the Foundling, in whose legend I profess but a limited belief. Hugh I. of the Boyne (say 1700) was a successful farmer. He picked up and educated a stowaway child found on shipboard, calling

carried him off and maltreated him; the boy escaped, but never could find his father's home. If this were quite true, is it likely that this Hugh II., when a man, would call one of his own sons "Welsh"? The story of the adoption is what a hero of Mr. Stevenson's calls "skittles." Consider the facts. Wicked Welsh, with a wicked sub-agent, ousts the family of Hugh I. Of these, one prospers in southern Ireland. Welsh is now ruined. He professes penitence, and, with his wife, approaches the successful brother. To ask for money? No! to ask for a nephew as heir to their farm, a wretched one. The prosperous South of Ireland man takes a solemn vow "never to communicate with his son in any way" (p. 33). In Heaven's name, wherefore? A prosperous man hands over his son for ever and a day to his deadly enemy, a ruined scoundrel. The forsaken child can never discover his home, but he does know about his grandfather's home on the Boyne, whither Welsh seems to have carried him. The awful oath dominates everybody, as it was not an oath taken in a court of justice. The motives of Hugh's father are obscure, so are the motives of Welsh. Did he merely wish to bully little Hugh, as he did most cruelly? Not a single trace of the family of Hugh of the Boyne can now be discovered. Possibly Welsh expected to receive a yearly allowance for Hugh's board from the father, but (p. 40) he took the boy away without making any such conditions.

Mr. Hugh Brontë II. was a large, powerful, violent, and fantastic character. He used solemnly to rave at the Devil, on account of the potato disease, and to pelt our ghostly foe with the rotten vegetables. He aimed at laying ghosts. One he dismissed with a blow from his whip; others drubbed him soundly; nor would he ever describe what befell him on that adventure. He was a great storyteller, a *sennachie*, and would hold the neighbours spell-bound by his narratives. Is it wonderful if one thinks that, between imagination and the confused memories of



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PATRICK BRONTË WAS BORN.

childhood, he composed "Les Enfances Hugh," an apocryphal narrative of his beginnings? He is said to have spoken with "a distinctly Scotch accent." Eloping from the old Boyne farm—still, it seems, in the hands of the ruined Welsh—Hugh escaped to county Down, where he married, and had a family, among them Welsh, a great bruiser, and keeper of a public-house; Patrick, who was a sizar at Cambridge and then took Anglican orders, and became father of the novelists; and Hugh III., who came over to England to beat the *Quarterly* reviewer of "Jane Eyre." As Dr. Wright points out, the foundling legend or myth inspires Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." Heathcliff in the novel is Welsh, "a ghou, an afreet."

Possibly it is the reader's fault, but perhaps Dr. Wright might have told his tale more clearly. For the rest, his pictures of Irish life, of the fight, the ghosts—huge palpable ghosts—of the whisky-drinking, the temperance movement, the love-making, the youth of Patrick Brontë, the adventures of Hugh III., and the critical remarks on the novels, are all excellent. There was a very wild vein, as the tales show, in the Brontë nature, which is not odd, considering their ancestry. Rochester is what Hugh might have been, in different circumstances, in a society which Charlotte Brontë drew from fancy. If she sold three novels like hers for £1500 it is a case of cruelty to authors. The book is well illustrated, and very well worth reading, *un livre de bonne foy*, however much we may attribute to the powerful fancy of Hugh II. That Welsh afterwards called himself Brontë seems to me a very remarkable circumstance. The motiveless oath and the giving of the name "Welsh," the name of his enemy, to a son of Hugh II. are things difficult to account for. As Welsh's malignant dealings with the sub-agent occurred before the middle of the last century (p. 16), I fail to place much confidence in a merely traditional report of them. This circumstance alone *donne furieusement à penser*.

## BARRY PAIN'S NEW BOOK.

*Graeme and Cyril*. By Barry Pain. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)—Had not Mr. Barry Pain displayed unusual talent in a series of short school stories, he might well be considered venturesome in challenging criticism in a branch of fiction which has yet given us but one master. With gross parodies and pages of burlesque which have neither wit nor humour, the novel-reader who has sought clever work of the kind is only too familiar. Generations of highly imaginative story-tellers have passed since Mr. Thomas Hughes's masterpiece came to us, and yet the field in which he worked remains barren—or has remained barren until the author of "Graeme and Cyril" entered the lists. School stories abound; they bud in the spring lists to be swept to the paper-makers in the autumn. They are like each other as two drops of water. All of them possess the conspicuous demerits of ignorance. For the boy remains and must remain to the greater part of humanity the mystery of mysteries. Men write about him with an astonishing *ignoratio causarum*. In their wild flights of imagination "they paint a dolphin in the woods and a boar in the waves." In the avoidance of these things the author of this book, which is indisputably the cleverest of its kind since Mr. Hughes wrote, is conspicuously meritorious. Not only are Graeme and Cyril two lads that you could pick from any public school in this country, but their portraits are framed in a setting which shines with the whole light of the public school spirit. Here is that fine sense of humour, that glorious going to the stars, that dominating enthusiasm for sport which makes, and must make, the glory of our greater institutions. In the studies of the boy humanity itself there is none the less faithful painting; and, being faithful, painting that is pathos of great felicity, and humour which is perhaps as true as anything in that which Carlyle called "the finest perfection of the poetic genius." Indeed, the quarrel with Mr. Barry Pain is that Neddy Trigham, by far his most successful boy, disappears early in the work. From Neddy nearly all the laughter of the book exudes. He defines a deponent verb as

"one passive in form with a heavenly meaning." He writes his exercise in blue chalk, because he wants to make blue chalk more fashionable. He aims to like poetry because his uncle says that no boys like it—and compels his aunt to give him "Paradise Lost." Every night he will read twenty lines, whether the twentieth end in the middle of a sentence or at a period. Neddy it is who wants to invent something, and buys for that purpose a coil of picture-wire, a box of tin-tacks, two feet of glass tube, and a small file. The life, truly, of many pages of bright writing is this "mischief-making monkey," and deep is the regret with which the reader leaves him at the end of the first portion of the book.

From a private school, the boys Graeme and Cyril are taken to Desford—a great public academy. The model which the author has taken for this is so thinly disguised here that few will fail to name it. We may be content, however, to recognise in Desford a type of all public schools, a mirror in which is reflected that high-toned life and those great traditions which Mr. Hughes first embodied in words. For these the author has that enthusiasm which is indispensable to one who would be the apostle of the later-day school-boy. Manliness is his text; action is his keynote. The public-school boy must be neither loafer nor smug. In his heart there must be more than the aversion to vice; there must be the terror of it. He must come before us in his weakness and in his strength, with his venial sins, and his unconscious humour, and his supreme moments. He must put classics a little lower than a good shot at goal, and estimate Homer as of slightly less worth than Dr. "W. G." If by chance, among his fellows, one goes down as Cyril does here, he must speak of it in whispers, and echo the great awe which inevitably falls upon the society. Shut it from the eyes, let the vicious one be taken away stealthily by night, let him be banished almost to the social death—that is Mr. Barry Pain's preaching. And in the actual death of the weak lad he makes clear his meaning. The boy goes out of the book, broken and disgraced when the fuller life and knowledge should be dawning. But who would estimate his guilt, or chide his old chum Graeme, who, sitting alone in his rooms at Cambridge, opens his window to say "Good-night, Cyril"? With this pretty thought, the admirably written book is worthily closed.

MAX PEMBERTON.



THE REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

the lad "Welsh." This Welsh managed to ruin his foster-brothers, and to marry one of the sisters, Mary. A brother of Mary's succeeded well as a farmer in the South of Ireland. Welsh was now himself ruined, or, at least, very poor. He came to the prosperous South of Ireland man, and offered to adopt one of his sons, Hugh. He



## PALESTINE IN LONDON: EXHIBITION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE AT ST. MARTIN'S TOWNHALL.

*Photographed by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

An interesting and instructive exhibition was opened at St. Martin's Townhall on Nov. 14 by Lady Frederick Cavendish, in the absence, from ill-health, of the Duchess of Teck, and was closed on Nov. 17. It was part of the celebration of the jubilee of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, and was intended to aid the funds raised for the purposes of founding a Home of Rest for Teachers, and to pay off the mortgage debt of £4000 on the building of the Institute in Serjeants' Inn; and, further, to provide for the expenses of the new work in religious teaching rendered necessary by the Free Education Act. The Rev. J. F. Kitto was chairman of the committee, while the arrangement of the Exhibition was directed by the Rev. J. G. Kitchin. It consisted of the Palestine Village, with a fancy bazaar in the larger hall, and the Loan Collection in the smaller hall, of articles illustrating historical details in the Old and the New Testament. The former, constructed and furnished by Messrs. Campbell Smith and Co., included a full-sized model of an ancient Jewish peasant's cottage, with its flat roof accessible by an outer stairway; the interior comprising the lower floor, with the manger for cattle, and the raised floor occupied by the family. There was also an exact imitation of a Jewish tomb cut in the limestone rock, with two cavities for the reception of bodies, and with the rolling stone to close the doorway of the sepulchre. Many persons attired in picturesque Eastern costumes were to be met walking in the village street, or to be found working at their different kinds of handicraft: the basket-maker, the women grinding corn or baking bread, the potter at his wheel, fashioning clay into the shape of pitchers, and the scribe at his desk, writing pages of Hebrew Scripture or selling phylacteries, kept in activity a lively practical commentary upon well-known anecdotes in the Prophetic books and in the Gospels. The bazaar stalls, to which many London parishes and suburbs had contributed, Kensington and Fulham, Islington and Holloway, Bayswater and Paddington, Hampstead and Highgate, Kennington and Brixton, Greenwich and Blackheath, Southwark, Lambeth, Camberwell, Walworth, and Peckham, Croydon and Caterham, were managed by ladies of the district committees. The loan collection, aided by contributions from the Society of Biblical Archaeology, the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, the Egyptian Exploration Fund Committee, and the Biblical Museum of the



AN EASTERN GIRL.

for local school exhibitions. There were various primitive household utensils and agricultural implements, wearing apparel, coins and medals, articles used in the Jewish religious ceremonial, plaster casts, maps, plans, and pictures, fine silver plate from the London Jewish Synagogue; but the most conspicuous objects were the large model of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, made by the Rev. J. G. Kitchin, and the Rev. W. Bramley-Moore's large model of the Tabernacle, surrounded by models of all the accessories, with crowds of little figures representing the priests and their attendants at the altar, the animals brought for sacrifice, the conse-

Miss Baroody, a Syrian lady, and by the Revs. J. G. Bramley-Moore and L. Harding Squire at different hours of each day. The topics of Miss Baroody's lectures were the domestic and social customs of the Jews; she described their ways of inviting guests to a private feast, and of entertaining them with singing and dances; the use of the public baths, and of cosmetics to adorn the person; their marriage ceremonies and festivities, the rite of betrothal, the virgins going to meet the bridegroom, the procession carrying the lamps, the bridal attire, and the regulations of the dowry; the nursing of the sick, the mourning for the dead, the conduct of a funeral and of interment, and other Jewish observances, to some of which allusions are frequent in the Bible. In two separate lectures she described the manners and customs of the Bedouin Arabs, as seen at the present day. Mr. Kitchin lectured on the Temple, Mr. Bramley-Moore on the Tabernacle, and the Rev. T. Turner related his "Pilgrim's Progress through Palestine."

The Bishop of Waiapu's action in renouncing an episcopal see in which he has greatly distinguished himself in order to return to direct missionary work, reminds one of the devotion and enterprise of the late Bishop Valpy French, "the many-tongued man of Lahore." But Bishop Stuart's sacrifice would appear to be the greater, for his name has been mentioned in connection with the Primacy of New Zealand, a post for which he is eminently fitted, both from length of episcopal service in the country and his wide acquaintance with men and affairs generally. But all further chances of preferment he has cheerfully abandoned to enable the Church Missionary Society to meet a very real difficulty. The society's work in Persia has long needed strengthening, and from the nature of it only a man of position and influence could hope to produce any real effect. Bishop Stuart is an ideal man for the post. He has been animated by the missionary spirit all his life, and before his elevation to the bishopric he served the cause of missions for twelve years in India and afterwards in New Zealand. He was also the C.M.S. secretary at Calcutta, supervising all the society's missions from Calcutta to the frontier town of Peshawur. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a distinguished career. He was ordained in 1850, and went straight to the mission field—no mean sacrifice for a young man who was



A JEWISH PEASANT'S COTTAGE: EXTERIOR, WITH ENTRANCE TO A ROCK-CUT TOMB.



EASTERN COSTUMES.

Sunday School Institute, also by the Rev. Dr. Ginsburg, the Rev. W. Bramley-Moore, and the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Chief Rabbi of London, was very well worthy of inspection. Its catalogue, which is compiled by the Rev. J. G. Kitchin, prompts us to wish that some portions of a similar collection, if possible, might be lent to parish clergymen

for local school exhibitions. There were various primitive household utensils and agricultural implements, wearing apparel, coins and medals, articles used in the Jewish religious ceremonial, plaster casts, maps, plans, and pictures, fine silver plate from the London Jewish Synagogue; but the most conspicuous objects were the large model of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, made by the Rev. J. G. Kitchin, and the Rev. W. Bramley-Moore's large model of the Tabernacle, surrounded by models of all the accessories, with crowds of little figures representing the priests and their attendants at the altar, the animals brought for sacrifice, the conse-

admittedly possessed of brilliant attainments. And the latest act in his ministerial life is in full accord with that beginning. He is not often seen in England, but he attended the last Lambeth Conference and also the great Foreign Missionary Conference in London about that time. He was consecrated Bishop of Waiapu in 1887.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If one required any proof of the extent to which science and scientific matters are permeating the public, such proof could be found incidentally in the recent fact that in the pages of *Truth*—that universal "friend of mankind"—a discussion has been conducted regarding the question of the most suitable diet-cure for corpulence. Such a discussion involves the consideration of the chemistry and physiology of foods; and it is no uncommon thing, nowadays, to find people with no special pretensions to rank as scientific in their tastes, fully educated in the principles of dietetics as applied to the reduction of their "too, too solid flesh." This is instructive and interesting both; because it shows how the leaven scientific is leavening, if not the whole lump of educated humanity, at least a great proportion of the people who think for themselves. To the discussion to which I have alluded Dr. Yorke Davies has been the chief contributor, and the editor of *Truth* has also had his say—always practical and to the point, of course—in the matter. There are various diet-cures of fatness. I say diet-cures, because it is supreme folly for an obese person to attempt the impossible in the way of curing his stoutness by means of drugs. The diet-cures range themselves in two classes—those of the Salisbury type and those of the physiological type. The Salisbury idea is to give large quantities of nitrogenous or flesh food, while limiting starches and sugars, and to accompany this diet by the copious injection of hot water. Here the system, deprived of its chief and usual fat-forming foods, is forced to decrease in bulk; and the hot-water lavage of the body, I presume, is meant to prevent any undue stress on liver and kidneys, such as might accrue from an increase in the flesh foods.

The other method practised by Dr. Yorke Davies and others, I would fain think, is more reasonable, because more in accord with physiological teaching about foods. Doubtless starches and sugars, typically represented in vegetable foods (e.g., bread, rice, tapioca, and the like), are fat-formers. The living body has thus a power of making fat out of that which is not fat, as Professor M. Foster puts it; and along with this point let us bear in mind another—that fat itself does not go directly, at least, to make fat in the body. Fat is, on the other hand, a valuable addition to the diet of the corpulent man, because it has a power, properly administered, of burning off food-excess. In more than one system of body-reduction fat is, therefore, administered as an essential part and parcel of the diet-cure. This is a crucial point in the recent argument. It is said that when fats, starches, and sugars are all cut off, reduction of weight takes place much faster than when fat is allowed in the dietary scale. This may be so, but I strongly question the wisdom of the proceeding. All we know about fat points to it as an absolutely essential element in our food. We can't live healthily without it, and if decrease in weight rapidly follows its elimination from the diet, the very rapidity of the reduction is an argument against its safety. Besides, starch and sugar largely omitted from the food, with a moderate quantity of fat allowed and a slight increase of the flesh foods, will accomplish all that is needed more gradually, but I also hold more safely for the patient. The lesson of physiology to us all, therefore, is: "Don't neglect the fats of the food." They assist the assimilation of other foods, and are essential for the body's nutrition. I should not believe in any system of ordinary diet or of weight-reduction which neglected fat on the one hand or insisted that its absence was essential for the cure of corpulence on the other.

What seems to be a debateable point in science is the physiological effect of pure oxygen gas inhaled into the lungs. I observe that a committee of the British Association reported recently on the value of oxygen in cases of suffocation (regarded with special reference to the use of the gas in the asphyxia of coal-miners), and arrived at the conclusion that the gas was practically of no more effect in experiments on the recovery of asphyxiated rabbits than ordinary air; and this whether the rabbits had been artificially assisted to recovery or not, and whether the process of restoration took place in an atmosphere free from carbonic acid gas, or in one contaminated by it. It was also found that, inhaled by a healthy man for five minutes, oxygen produced no appreciable effect on pulse or breathing, and, pure or diluted, the gas had similarly no effect on a patient suffering from difficulty of breathing connected with heart affection. It was also found that, when an animal was placed and retained for a long period in a chamber containing 50 per cent of carbonic acid gas, it showed no signs of muscular collapse, if a stream of oxygen or of any other respirable gas was allowed to play on the nostrils, and to agitate the atmosphere of the chamber.

Now, the value of oxygen in the treatment of certain diseases, and in those affections connected with suffocation especially, has long been vaunted, and chronicled as the result of experience as well. It is clear, therefore, we want some authoritative opinions and researches regarding the exact place oxygen may be expected to play in the hands of physicians and others, seeing that the British Association report alluded to appears to give a flat denial to the idea of the value of the gas in cases in which it has been believed to be of singular service. Also, it happens that Dr. J. L. Kerr, F.R.S.E., of Manchester, lately placed on record his experiences of inhaling oxygen. He and a friend inhaled compressed oxygen from a cylinder. They had, as a result, no quickening of pulse or increased temperature, but they had a distinct diminution of the frequency of the breathing movements. The intervals between the movements were prolonged; there was a feeling that there was no great urgency to take the next breath, as it were, and the *besoin de respirer* was for the time being abolished. It was as if the increased supply of oxygen to lungs and blood balanced the lengthening of the long breathing intervals. Dr. Kerr adds that his experiences were confirmed by the British Association report, but the point concerning the decrease of the respiratory movements was not, as far as I know, noted in the report in question. I repeat, it is evident that the whole matter demands investigation, and the facts noted by Dr. Kerr in themselves indicate that oxygen is not without its due effect on the living organism.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J G E (Brockley).—It is always well to wait a week before thinking your name will not appear. We have no time limit for solutions, and all correct ones that reach us are acknowledged. No. 2588 cannot be done in the way you propose.

SYDNEY WILLIAMS.—It is always best to suspect "very simple" solutions. Yours is utterly wrong.

Dr. F St (Camberwell).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—Problem to hand. The solution is correct.

A C P (St. George's Retreat).—We are much obliged for all your trouble, but regret the proposed solutions will not do.

W P Hind.—Please send another diagram of your two-mover.

E (Halstead).—If Black play 1. K to B 6th, then 2. B to Q 5th (ch), 2. K moves, 3. Kt to Kt 3rd. Mate.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2574 received from Berthold G Tours (Peking); of Nos. 2583 and 2584 from W F Jones (Belleville); of No. 2586 from L Beulant, R H Brooks, J M K Lupton (Richmond), J F Moon, William Maw, and A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter); of No. 2587 from Rosella Meale, J D Tucker (Leeds), A W Hamilton-Gell, W Maw, L Beulant, Brockley, J Jonas (Chester), White-Workman (Eastbourne), Ubique, E Hacking, Thos Isaac (Maldon), and A P Denton.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2588 received from W Davie (Cardiff), Charles Burnett, Julia Short (Exeter), T Roberts, Admiral Brandreth, J D Tucker, Alpha, R H Brooks, L Desanges, W Wright, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), L Beulant, J Jonas, J Coad, H B Hurford, A H B, Shadforth, A Newman, R Worries (Canterbury), F J Knight, Mrs Wilson, (Plymouth), E Loudon, W R B (Plymouth), E E H, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W R Raillem, Sorrento, G Joicey, T G (Ware), G R Hargreaves (Brighton), J Dixon, W P Hind, C E Perugini, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dawn, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), Martin F, Henry Brandreth, and Dr F St.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2587.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 5th

2. Mates accordingly.

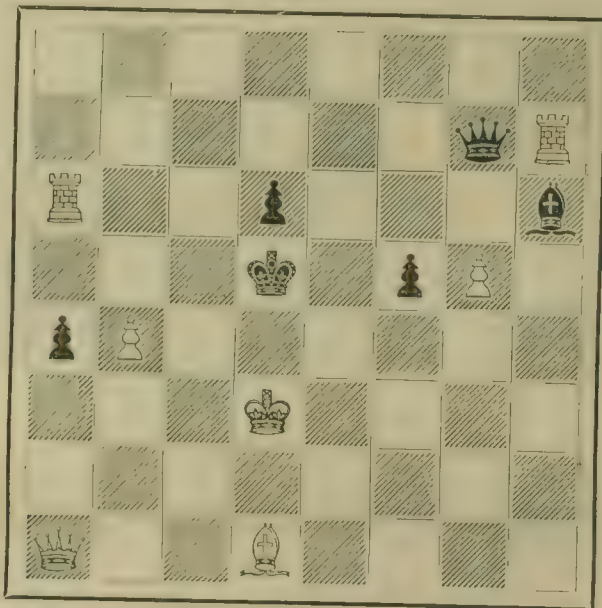
BLACK.

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2590.

By W. F. JONES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York tourney between Messrs. DELMAR and PILLSBURY, the latter a young and very promising player.

(Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P takes B	R takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. R to R 3rd	Q to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	18. P to Q 6th	
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd		
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
7. B to K 2nd	Castles		
8. P to K R 4th	R to K sq		
9. B to B 3rd	Kt to K 4th		
10. P to R 5th	P to Q 4th		
11. P takes Kt P	R takes P		
12. P takes P	Kt takes B (ch)		
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Kt 5th		
14. Q to Q 2nd	B to R 3rd		
15. Castles (Q R)	B takes B		

Parting with his best defensive piece.

After a contest lasting over a month the great match between Messrs. Tschigorin and Tarrasch has resulted in a draw, in accordance with an agreement made before commencing that such should be the case if the score finally stood at nine each. It cannot be denied that in London a very different issue was expected, as it was thought the dashing play of the Russian master had no chance against the methodical and scientific strategy of his opponent, and the earlier stages of the struggle went far to confirm such belief. In the end, however, M. Tschigorin played up with great skill and judgment, and proved in a long arduous fight the better stayer of the two. Dr. Tarrasch is undoubtedly, with a possible exception, the first tournament player living, but he has now given further confirmation to the theory that match play requires an aptitude of its own for complete success. Mr. Steinitz possesses this in an extraordinary degree, and one naturally reverts to his meeting with M. Tschigorin for the sake of comparison between the Nuremberg master and himself. Mr. Steinitz, it will be remembered, outplayed the Russian whenever he pleased, and the inference is that he could, therefore, beat Tarrasch. This is logical enough, but, in actual play, the consequences might be different. For one thing, Tschigorin played on this occasion better than he has ever done before, while the persistence in two lines of play throughout the contest had an educational value, which became very marked in the later stages. He was not confused as Steinitz confused him, with dazzling but obvious chances one day, and hard tactical strategy the next. It is thus questionable if Tarrasch did himself any good by the monitor's adoption of the Ray Lopez, and the French Defence, although the theory of these openings must immensely benefit by the play that followed. The match has, indeed, produced several magnificent games, some of which will become classical. So far as we have yet seen, the fourth still remains the best.

There is some possibility of the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Lasker being played at Havana, the celebrated Cuban Club having invited them to state their terms for going there. This arrangement may overcome the financial obstacles at present in the way of the meeting.

The Athenaeum and North London Chess Club played their match in the London Chess League competition on Nov. 11, when the former won after an exciting contest with a score of 11 against 9.

In a match between the Leyton and Spread Eagle Chess Clubs, played on Nov. 13, the latter was successful with a score of 7 to 1.

On Nov. 10, at a large gathering of the North of England chess-players, Mr. G. C. Heywood, of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, was made the recipient of a beautifully illuminated address and a purse of gold, in recognition of his services to the game in that district. Few men better deserve such a testimonial, and we are pleased to note the influential character of the meeting on the occasion of the presentation.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Both Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick are so popular in society—intellectual as well as fashionable—that their daughter's wedding would in any case have been a notable event; but since that pretty young lady was to become a peeress her marriage on Nov. 15 to Earl Bathurst took on the character of an important fashionable function. There was a crowded church, and though Prince Henry of Battenberg was the only member of the royal family at the ceremony, nearly all the royalties had sent presents. The Queen, departing from the traditional cashmere shawl, gave an antique silver tea-caddy and spoon, of great interest in themselves, and also a silver tea-service. The Duke and Duchess of York gave a pretty heart-shaped gold *étui* set with a diamond and a ruby. The Duchess of Teck and Princess Beatrice both happened to choose jewelled-handled parasols, one having the bride's Christian name, "Lilias" written along it in gold letters. The presents included some uncommon articles; such as a case of four dozen silver buttons, a sketching bag, a leopard skin carriage rug, and a set of table d'oyleys in Brussels lace. The bridal dress was as simple as possible; no lace, no trimmings but a row of satin bows set round the foot of the duchesse satin skirt, and over the shoulders a chiffon fichu of the Marie Antoinette shape, frilled round so that the pleatings made epaulettes over the full sleeve-tops, and crossed on the bosom, and carried round to fall in two long and full ends at the side of the waist, reaching nearly to the feet. The veil, too, was tulle; and, in short, nothing could have been more simple or more becoming. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white silk, with a blue velvet yoke, bordered at the point of junction with a narrow edge of brown mink fur; the bodices fastened up under the arm with three small rosettes of blue velvet, of which also the narrow waist-belts, and a series of rosettes set at intervals and in three rows round the skirts, were all made. The bridesmaids' wide-brimmed hats were of brown velvet underlined with blue velvet and trimmed with a band of mink round the crown, and a cluster of brown tips and blue osprey at the left side.

Cycling dress for ladies is being much discussed in the ranks that it affects. The Stanley Show of cycles has been advertised by a very vulgar and foolish poster representing a girl (on a bicycle with a young man) cycling in the old fashioned ballet costume, with short skirts sticking out and exaggerated waist. Now, though a man very much behind the scenes in all matters theatrical *did* tell me recently that "the dancers are the most modest women on the boards," and that "three-fourths of them are most respectable and home-loving wives and mothers," still, ladies who cycle will not like to be represented in the guise of the ballerina, and so far the Stanley Show managers have made a mistake. But from this starting point, some people are proceeding to earnest protests against a dress that is actually being worn by many lady cyclists in Paris, and that is slowly but certainly making way in this country. It was worn, for instance, by the young lady who recently rode from London to Brighton in a remarkably short time. It is a costume like that used for ladies' gymnastics, consisting of full knickerbockers and a loose jacket belted round the waist, and made with skirts long enough to cover the knees, to which gaiters from the shoes to the knees are sometimes added. In much the same sort of dress have fashionable women gone shooting with the men on the moors, or fishing in the Scotch salmon waters, for years past; but the objectors evidently are unaware of this, and the middle-class girl who wears it will have to bear the brunt of the attack that waits on novelty.

It is curious that knickerbockers should be the wear of all the women of the eastern hemisphere, where femininity is more insisted on than in our purer atmosphere, and yet that here the petticoat is so strenuously supported as "the badge of all our tribe." There is really nothing essentially immodest in a costume that allows the fact to be perceived that a woman is a biped; and surely a dress that covers the limbs separately, and therefore effectually, must be admitted (once the possibility of displaying two feet being allowed) to be the more suitable style of apparel for all occasions of exercise. It, of course, is so far unpleasant for a modest woman to wear such a dress that, being novel, it attracts observation; but, as soon as it became customary, any such special notice would cease. It is not so long ago that a woman who bathed in the sea in a dual garment was considered "fast"; but now, even the bathing-machine proprietor is converted, and gives Harriet down for the day the use of a divided garment, and we all perceive that it is by far the more decent method of dressing for the circumstances. No doubt a similar truth—for it is equally true—will ere long be accepted as to the cycling dress. The loose skirt working up and down over the ankles with the wheel is the really offensive spectacle, and the only other alternative—namely, that women shall not cycle at all—is not likely to be adopted.

An extremely smart and select "Private View" was that of the Grafton Gallery. The observed of all observers was the Duchess of Sutherland, with her beautiful, simple young face and exceptionally tall figure. Her dress was of a light heliotrope cloth, plain skirt, and loose coat matching, the revers faced with black moiré, and a collar of sable closing in the throat. Her Grace's bonnet was of velvet in the same shade, trimmed with an aigrette of osprey. The Marchioness of Granby was equally simply attired in a long plain black cloth dress, with a sable boa, and a bonnet exceedingly broad over the brow, as indeed most of them were. Lady Granby's was of white felt, with huge bows of black velvet, making a wide brim, and a black ostrich feather falling over each side also. Mrs. Bernard-Beere looked charming and fragile as usual in a long black velvet pelisse with sable revers, worn over a dress of magenta draped with black net: a picture hat of black velvet, with a magenta flower, completed the costume. A handsome gown consisted of a black velvet pelisse over a white satin hem, embroidered elaborately with jet and kept off the ground by a very full under-frill of black silk. Another was of black moiré, with a full cape edged deeply with white Irish rose point insertion; and yet another black moiré dress had huge revers of white satin and gold incrustations.





## A FRIENDLY VISIT.

Mrs. \* \* \*. "What, dear, you cannot go out owing to that nasty cold?  
Why, a Pastille will immediately relieve you."

IF YOU COUGH TAKE GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

Price per case, with directions for use, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent post free on receipt of price, from the Wholesale Depot for Great Britain:

**FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

SOLD BY

SPECIAL AGENTS, LEADING FAMILY GROCERS,  
EVERYWHERE.



SOLD BY

SPECIAL AGENTS, LEADING FAMILY GROCERS,

EVERYWHERE.



ART NOTES.

The exhibition of French Artists in Decorative Art at the Grafton Gallery is not very satisfactory to those who imagine our artists and designers have nothing to gain from contact with foreign influences. Compared with the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, we at once seize what differentiates our craftsmen from their Continental fellows. By us the ideal is sought in the past, by them in the present. The result is that the bulk of English art work is imitative, and of French work fugitive.

The most distinctive feature of the present exhibition at the Grafton Gallery—though not the most obtrusive—is that which is connected with painting, etching, and engraving. In these days of process reproduction it is satisfactory to find an artist like M. Florian standing up manfully for the art of wood-engraving, and certainly the half-dozen specimens of his skill show that it is an art worth preserving. Scarcely less interesting is the series known as "L'Estampe Originale," the reproduction of some dozen artists more or less belonging to the "Independents," whose eminently original work is known to few and appreciated by still fewer. That it has many merits, and often much vigour, no one who looks through the series of pictures, of all sorts and subjects, can deny. M. Grasset's designs for posters are probably better known, for they are to be met with in most parts of Paris; but where he shows his real skill is in his more recondite work, in which he interprets for the benefit of the public the times of the Merovingians and of the miracle-plays in the spirit of to-day. M. Lepère is another of the Independent school whose work still waits for fuller recognition in this country, and those who for the first time see his "Coins de Paris" and his Breton studies will admit that


as an etcher he holds a prominent place. There are also five of his wood-engravings painted in water colours (of which the "Game of Backgammon" is the most striking) which open up a fresh field for artists in search of novelty. M. L. Pissarro's woodcuts in line, especially the "Cow-keepers" and "Ploughing," as well as the interesting group of figures entitled "Field Labour," are of exceptional strength and beauty. His two brothers are more fantastic in their ideas, drawing their inspirations from fairyland or the works of Flaubert and Maeterlinck, but they are equally faithful exponents of contemporary art.

The remainder of the exhibition consists of specimens of art-work in various branches—glass, pottery, wood-carving, metalwork, and the countless articles of bric-à-brac in which French art and skill have exercised themselves for centuries. The revival of pewter repoussé work is one of the most interesting features of the exhibition, as M. Charpentier shows to what practical as well as ornamental uses it can be applied. M. Dammouse's specimens of faïence and porcelain show that the impetus given to French work by English competition is quickening the former to better and more thorough work; whilst M. Deck looks rather to Chinese and Japanese influence to revive the ceramic art of France. The modern enamels of M. Georges, M. Knoepflin, and M. Mazabrand are too distinctly imitative to require notice, except as evidence that the art is not dead. M. Lachenal and M. Leveillé are represented by some excellently coloured bowls and vases of glass and porcelain, and M. Voulot, M. Vibert, and M. Injalbert are among those whose bronze-work is conspicuous for its excellence of design and execution. Altogether, the directors of the Grafton Gallery may be congratulated on having brought together a display of


les arts décoratifs, which, we trust, will be turned to useful account by those who are interested in raising the level of English technical education.

In the October number of the *Portfolio* Mr. J. Starkie Gardner breaks a lance in defence of English enamels, of which, he holds, many have long been attributed without sufficient reason to foreign schools. He believes that the art of enamelling precious metals was installed in this country early in the ninth century; and sees no reason for doubting the authenticity of Alfred's jewel, now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford—the oldest enamel signed by its maker extant; while the Milanese *paliotto*, signed by Wolvinus, A.D. 835, is now conjectured to be of English or Irish origin. The Alfred jewel, moreover, has much in common with the enamelled brooch found some years since on Dowgate Hill, during the excavations made for the Cannon Street Railway Station. It is now in the British Museum, together with the famous Hamilton brooch, found in Scotland. That gold and silver work was produced in great quantities in England from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries is admitted on all sides, and it is not less certain that English artificers and workers in precious metals were being constantly enticed over to France, Germany, and the Low Countries, to minister to the growing taste for works of art. With these facts in view, and having carefully examined the special characteristics of certain well-authenticated English works, Mr. Starkie Gardner is led to the conclusion that a very large number of enamels passing as Limoges, Rhenish, or Lorraine are of English origin, and in all probability the actual productions of English workmen in this country, but subsequently dispersed over the Continent during the Wars of the Roses.


ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties Post Free.



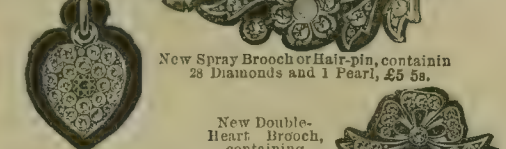
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



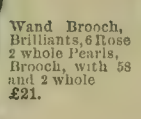
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



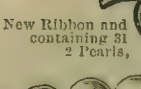
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



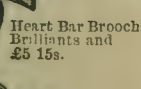
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



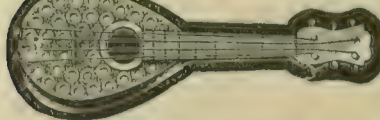
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



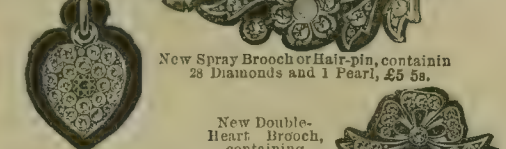
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



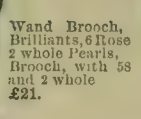
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



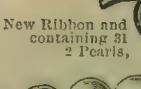
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



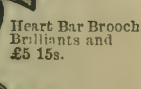
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



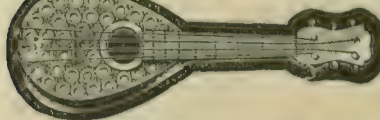
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



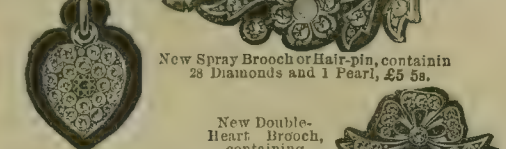
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



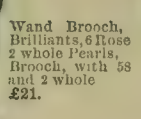
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



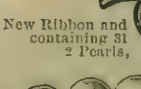
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



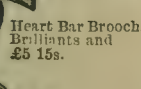
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



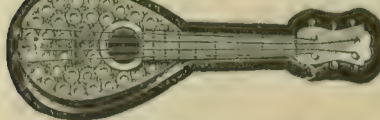
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



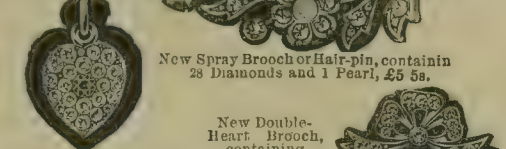
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



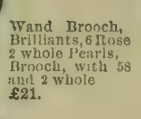
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



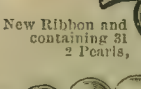
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



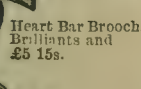
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



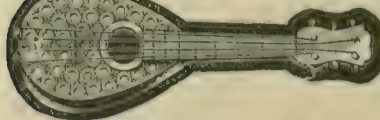
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



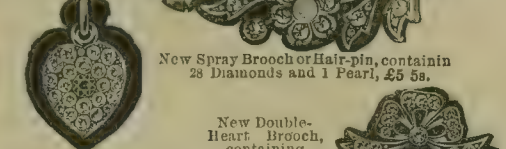
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



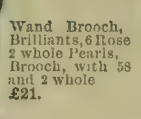
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



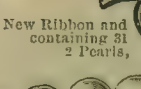
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



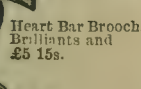
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



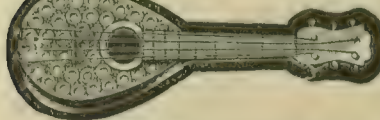
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



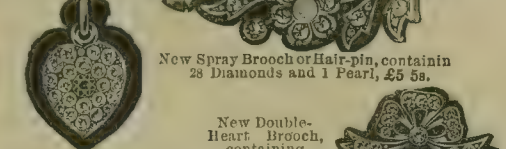
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



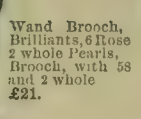
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



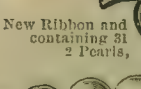
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



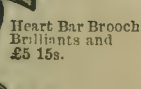
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.




New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



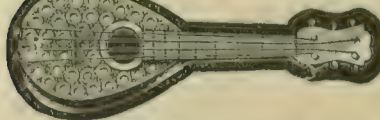
Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.




Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35




New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 4 Rubies, £9 15s.




Diamond Mandoline, perfect model, £6 6s.



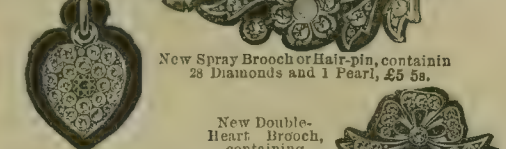
Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Similar Brooch, second quality Diamonds, no pearl, £2 17s. 6d.




Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s.




New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brill. Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.




New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.




New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.




New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.




New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 33 Brilliants, £7 15s.




New Diamond Curb Brooch, stones set transparent, £10 10s.



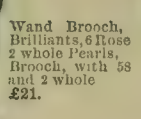
18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.




18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.



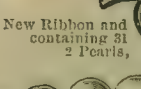
New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls, £21.



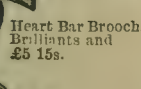
Wand Brooch, Brilliants, 6 Rose 2 whole Pearls, Brooch, with 53 and 2 whole £21.




Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.



New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls, £1 15s.



Heart Bar Brooch, Brilliants and £5 15s.



Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35



# LIPTON'S TEAS

## PROCLAIMED

### VICTORIOUS OVER ALL OTHERS.

FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEA POT



**1/- & 1/4 PER LB.**  
FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.  
No higher Price. **1/7 PER LB.** No higher Price.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.  
**A GUARANTEE.**—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

**LIPTON, Tea and Coffee Planter, CEYLON.**  
THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.  
Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambatenne, Laymestotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea and Coffee land in Ceylon.

CEYLON TEA AND COFFEE SHIPPING WAREHOUSES: MADDAMA MILLS, CINNAMON GARDENS, COLOMBO.  
CEYLON OFFICE: UPPER CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO.  
INDIAN TEA SHIPPING WAREHOUSES AND EXPORT STORES: HARE STREET, STRAND, CALCUTTA.  
INDIAN OFFICES: DALHOUSIE SQUARE, CALCUTTA.

**General Offices: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**  
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

# MAPLE & CO

## LIMITED

### TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT  
**FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT**  
IN THE WORLD

**DECORATIONS**  
**DECORATIONS**  
**ABOUT OUR HOMES**  
**ABOUT OUR HOMES**  
Containing much interesting  
matter about Decorations,  
Decorative Materials, and  
Sanitary Work, Post Free  
on application.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**  
**COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO have, in view of the general desire for Presents of a useful character, made special preparations in their various departments, and are now exhibiting an interesting selection of elegant, attractive, and acceptable articles at most moderate prices.

**ARTISTIC SCREENS**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO'S Useful Presents include Hand-painted and Embroidered Japanese FOLDING SCREENS in many novel and artistic effects, quite different from the usual type, and at exceptionally moderate prices; also numerous new productions in richly carved and gilt Louis Quinze and other varieties. The finest selection of Screens in London. Catalogue of Screens post free.

**FLOOR LAMPS**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO also suggest as Useful and Acceptable Presents their EXTENDING FLOOR LAMPS in Polished Brass, Copper and Brass, or Hammered Iron with Copper Mounts; also TABLE LAMPS. Brass Pillar Table Lamps, with Globe and Chimney, complete 12s. 6d. Wrought Iron and Copper Extending Floor Lamps, 17s. 6d. Catalogue of Lamps and Shades post free.

**BAMBOO FURNITURE**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO have, too, the largest selection of superior Wicker and Bamboo Furniture, as Easy Chairs or Settees in Tapestry, Writing and Card Tables, Cabinets, Stick Racks, Whatnots, Cupboards, Bookcases, &c. The Demi-Escritoire, a speciality. Catalogue of Bamboo and Wicker Furniture post free.

**FINE ART GALLERIES**  
**NEW PRODUCTIONS**

MAPLE and CO also invite an inspection of their magnificent Collection of ORNAMENTAL CHINA, POTTERY, BRASS WARE, Clocks, Bronzes, Armour Trophies, Pictures, Engravings, Photographs, Statuary, &c., which will be found to be the best and most complete in London. New Fine Art Catalogue post free.

**FINE INDIAN RUGS**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO'S Eastern Rugs are "a lasting pleasure." An importation of Fine Indian Rugs, original designs on rich camel, blue, yellow, or red grounds, each rug measuring about 6 ft. to 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 2 in. wide, for One Guinea each. A single rug can be sent by parcel post.

**OLD OAK FURNITURE**  
**USEFUL PRESENTS**

MAPLE and CO would also invite an inspection of their collection of Antique Carved Oak Furniture, comprising numerous quaint and interesting examples, such as elbow chairs, occasional and writing tables, bureaux, bookcases, cabinets, buffets, &c., suitable for presents. Catalogue of Quaint Carved Oak Furniture post free.

**CATALOGUES OF 400 USEFUL PRESENTS POST FREE.**



The AMERSHAM DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Settee, two Easy, four Occasional, and two Châlet Chairs, in carved dark mahogany, well upholstered in rich Silk Tapestry, £18 10s.  
EXTRA.—Carved dark mahogany Cabinet, enriched with shaped bevelled silvered plates, cupboard lined silk plush, silvered plate at back, and glass shelf, £11 5s.  
Overmantel, with eight shaped and bevelled silvered plates, £6 7s. 6d. 3 ft. Centre Table, with shaped top, six legs, and undershelf, £2 17s. 6d.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The renewal of the attack upon the City churches has brought out what is probably the best reply that can be given. It is maintained that the net income of the City parishes does not reach more than £400 to £500 at most; while only one or two exceed in annual value to the incumbent £750 a year. It is further asserted that only five of the City clergy are non-resident in cases where there is a parsonage, and that these are absent by the permission of the Bishop, which is not lightly granted. As for others without a parsonage, they can hardly find house room in the City at all; and even where a few rooms can be had, the rents are so gigantic that only a rich man can afford to pay them.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has in hand a book by Professor Sayce on the "Higher Criticism, and the Verdict of the Monuments." Professor Sayce occupies a somewhat peculiar position. While he does not contend that in every case the monuments confirm the Bible, he thinks that, on the whole, their evidence goes against what is known as the "higher criticism." He has made many slashing attacks on the critics, and his blows have been returned with interest. But the publication of this new and elaborate work will raise the whole subject in a more serious manner.

Canon Sharp of Horbury has entered upon his sixtieth year as perpetual curate of that parish.

I am glad also to learn that a new and thorough Life of George Herbert has been undertaken at last. There was

plenty of room for it. The minute inquiry of the author is said to have brought many new facts to light.

The Presbyterian churches in Scotland have chosen a Moderator or President for next year. He is elected in advance, so that he may have time to prepare the address he is expected to deliver. The Church of Scotland has chosen the Rev. Dr. Story, one of her best-known controversialists; while the Free Church Moderator is Principal Douglas of the Free Church College, Glasgow. Dr. Douglas is a distinguished Hebrew scholar, and was a member of the Old Testament Revision Society.

A notable Scottish Churchman has passed away in the person of Principal Morison. Dr. Morison was originally a Presbyterian, but formed a denomination of his own, which for many years was known as the Morisonians. He was a distinguished Biblical scholar, and his Commentaries have been widely read in all the churches.

Canon Wynne has, as was expected, been appointed Bishop of Killaloe. He is known as a graceful and eloquent preacher.

The controversy about the "rescued nun" (Miss Golding) continues, and is causing much excitement in certain religious circles. Miss Cusack, well known as the Nun of Kenmare, has declared that her experiences of convents were different. Miss Golding's friends say that she was in Continental convents, whereas Miss Cusack was connected with convents on which the eyes of Protestantism looked. It is doubtful whether such recriminatory controversies do any good to either side.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

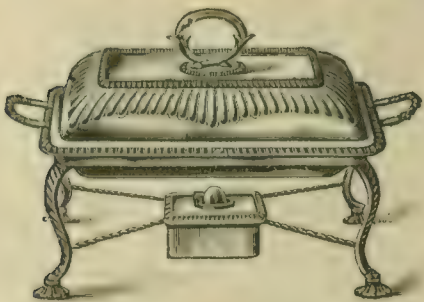
The will (dated Nov. 26, 1892) of the Most Hon. Mary Antoinetta, Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, late of Orton Longueville, Huntingdonshire, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Nov. 10 by the Marquis of Huntly, the son, the Hon. George Ralph Charles Ormsby Gore, and Erskine Pollock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testatrix gives certain diamonds and jewellery, and the articles of vertu, china, glass, pictures, natural history collections, antiquities, and furniture belonging to her at Orton, to be held as heirlooms with the title of Marquis of Huntly; and many pecuniary and specific legacies to children, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, and also to her executors, house-keeper, and maid. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her son, Lord Granville Gordon, his wife and children. Various powers of appointment vested in her under three settlements are, so far as she has not already done so, exercised by her in favour of her last-named son, and her daughter, Lady Elena Wickham.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 20, 1890), of General Sir Arthur Borton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., late of 105, Eaton Place, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Nov. 10 by Captain Charles Edward Borton, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator bequeaths £1300 to his wife, Dame Caroline Mary Georgina Borton; £12,000 to his son Charles Edward; and £7000 to his son Arthur Close, in

# Mappin & Webb's

## STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE

(Regd. 71,552).



Richly Fluted Full-size Hash or Breakfast Dish, with Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, Spirit Lamp and Stand, complete. Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, handsomely Chased, interior richly Gilt, £12 12s. Sterling Silver Salad Servers to match, £3 15s.



Handsomely Fluted Hot Water Jug, with Ebony Handle and Knob.  
Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.  
¾ pint ... £3 0 0 ... £6 6 0  
1 pint ... 3 5 0 ... 7 7 0  
1½ pints ... 3 10 0 ... 14 0 0



Prince's Plate Biscuit Box, richly engraved. Opens into two compartments with pierced Divisions, £5 15s.  
The same, but quite plain, £4 10s.



Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Sugar Dredgers, 8 in., £8 5s.; 7 in., £7 7s.; 6 in., £6.



Table Lamp, in Prince's Plate, Fluted and Chased, with 2 Burners, complete with Globes and Chimneys, £3 18s. Height to top of Chimney, 13 inches. In Sterling Silver, £13 13s.



Richly Engraved Salvers, in Prince's Plate.  
8 inches ... £2 5 0 ... 12 inches ... £3 10 0  
10 " ... 3 0 0 ... 14 " ... 4 15 0



Claret Jug, Richly Cut Glass. Prince's Plate Mounts, £3 8s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £7 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactories: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and Winsley Works, Winsley Street, London, W

In Silver Cases,

**£15**



## BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear, AND OBTAINED GOLD MEDALS, BEING HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

### KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases,

**£15**

Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted to prevent variation when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled and true chronometer balance. Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15.



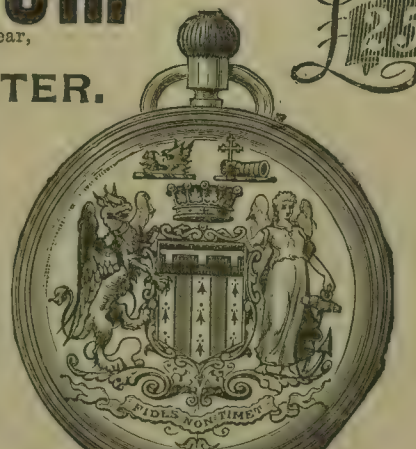
In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

**£25**

To officers proceeding on foreign service residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate and durable time-keeper.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS from wearers in all parts of the World.

Monograms and Crests extra.



In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

**£25**

The Hunting Editor of the *Field* ("Arundel") says: "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot: and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—*Field*, March 22.

See BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most complete Book of its kind issued. Post Free on application to

**J. W. BENSON** (Watchmaker to H.M. THE QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; And 25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.



A Cablegram has been received at MELLIN'S  
FOOD WORKS, Peckham, S.E., from the American  
Agents, stating that

**MELLIN'S FOOD**  
FOR

**INFANTS AND INVALIDS**

has been awarded

**HIGHEST HONOURS,**

viz.:

**The Medal and Diploma,**

at the

**CHICAGO EXHIBITION.**

---

Samples of the Food may be obtained on application to above Address.



addition to the £5000 he has covenanted to pay by his marriage settlement. His residuary, real, and personal estate he leaves, upon trust for his wife, for life, and then to be equally divided among such of his children as shall be then living, and the issue of any such child as shall be then dead leaving issue.

The will (dated June 24, 1891), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13, 1893), of Mr. John Cabourn Simonds, late of Fishtoft, Lincolnshire, farmer and grazier, and of Boston in the same county, seed-crusher, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Nov. 8 by William Turner Simonds, and John Edward Simonds, the sons, and the Rev. Edward Mitchell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths the silver salver presented to him by the Corporation of Boston to his son William Turner; and there are some other specific bequests to children. He gives the remainder of his household furniture and effects, and £200, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Tayton Simonds; £500 per annum to his wife so long as she shall remain his widow, and in the event of her marrying again an annuity of £200; £2000 each to his son Henry Turner and his daughter Laura Cabourn, the two children by his first wife; £500 to the daughter of his late son Henry on her attaining twenty-one or marrying, and in the meantime the income of £1000 for her maintenance; and £465 upon trust for the widow and four children of his late brother Thomas. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust for his six children equally.

The will (dated March 2, 1891), with a codicil (dated Oct. 24, 1893), of Mr. William Gaskin, late of 143, Finborough Road, West Brompton, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Nov. 10 by Thomas Hanna, the nephew, Herbert William Rogers, and Thomas Equator Young Berry, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his brother John Gaskin; £3000 to his sister Elizabeth Ann Hanna; £2000 Four per Cent. London and Brighton Debenture Stock to his sister Mrs. Mary Brown Baxter; £2000 each to his nephews, William James Brown Gaskin, Thomas Hanna, James Brown Hanna, and Richard Hanna; £1000 each to his nieces, Letitia Ann Gaskin, Ellen Jane Hanna, and Letitia Gorman, and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his sister Mrs. Baxter and his said three nieces.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 6, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Porter, late of Manchester and Park Road, Southport, Lancashire, merchant, who died on Feb. 11, has been proved at the Liverpool District Registry by Andrew Bennie, Alexander Porter, and Alexander McDougal, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator makes various provisions in favour of his sister and half-sister; and there are legacies to other of his relatives, and to executors, and others. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, to distribute half-yearly the rents, profits, and income among such charitable institutions, being orphanages, and in such propor-


tions, and for the general purposes of such institutions, or for any particular purpose as shall from time to time be directed by a Board of Governors to be appointed as in his will directed; and shall, so far as practicable, be provided for the purpose of equipping children leaving the orphanages or assisting them to emigrate, such as giving them outfits and otherwise. The charity is to be designated "Thomas Porter's Equipment Fund." Of the seven members of the Board of Governors two are to be nominated by the President of the Wesleyan Conference and one by the President of the Stockwell Orphanage. He expresses a desire, but without imposing any obligation, that his sister Elizabeth Porter (to whom he gives same) will distribute his library, after giving a right of selection of about fifty volumes each to his executors and to William Hughes Hilton and Thomas Porter, among such orphanages as she knows he is interested in. On the death of his said sister, to whom he had given a life interest, all his pictures and engravings, with the exception of one or two specifically bequeathed, are to be distributed by his executors among the orphanages entitled to receive the moneys under the charity fund to be formed out of his residuary estate.

The will (dated June 1, 1892) of Mr. Henry Evenden, late of Montmedy Villas, Eastbourne, silk-mercant, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 9 by Harry William Evenden and Norman Watts Evenden, the sons, and Mrs. Emily Eliza Mary Anne Carter, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his three

# BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

**PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS** can use "**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, as freely as requisite—containing **no Opium, or anything that can Injure the System.** They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation, **effectually clearing and strengthening the voice.**

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

 Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza; cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Clear and give strength to the voice of **SINGERS**, and are indispensable to **PUBLIC SPEAKERS.**

Soothing and Simple, **CHILDREN** can use them, as they assist expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

"Messrs. John I. Brown and Sons, Boston.

"Gentlemen—For sudden affections of the Bronchial Organs I use, and most cheerfully recommend, 'Brown's Troches.' They are regarded as most eligible, convenient, and indispensable by numerous artists of my acquaintance, BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. They seem to act specially on the organs of the voice, and produce a clear enunciation.—Yours truly,

"Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Jan. 17, 1879.

"MARIE ROZE MAPLESON."

Ask for and obtain only "**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**," which, after forty years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1s. 1½d. PER BOX.**

APPOINTED BY  
SPECIAL ROYAL  
WARRANT



SOAP MAKERS TO  
HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN.



## PLEASANTNESS.

If home is to be the very dearest spot on earth, it can only be such if the mother or wife brightens it with the sunlight of her cheerful smile. This radiance must be natural, and the genuine fruit of peace, kindness, and serenity. When things go right in the kitchen, the laundry, and the bath, the good housewife's face is lit up with a loving, smiling calm. This brightness always follows the use of

# SUNLIGHT SOAP.



**ERARD PIANOS and HARPS.**  
Messrs. ERARD have been awarded the Gold Medal "for the best pianofortes in the Exhibition," Kimberley, 1892, and the "Award" for Harps in the Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

**PADEREWSKI'S ADVICE:**  
"Play only on an Erard wherever obtainable."

**ERARD PIANOS and HARPS.**  
A few of the large stock of Upright Grand Pianofortes, returned from the past season's hire, still remain, and may be obtained at an important reduction during the next few weeks.  
S. and E. ERARD,  
ROYAL PIANOFORTE MAKERS,  
18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT ST., W.

**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.**

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times," July 13, 1894.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1896: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

**THE GREAT FRUIT-GROWING SETTLEMENTS IN AUSTRALIA.** Thousands of all classes from England, &c., are now engaged in this attractive and profitable industry. Land purchasable on easy terms. Pamphlets free. Sample boxes of sun-dried Apples, 2s. 9d., and Muscatels, 1s. 9d., free by parcels post. Address London Offices of the Australian Irrigation Colonies, 35, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

**THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS**  
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT  
**BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, London.**  
Really good Foreign Cigars at—  
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps.)

**CHOCOLAT - MENIER.**  
Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

**CHOCOLAT - MENIER**  
In ½-lb. and 1-lb. Packets. For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

**CHOCOLAT - MENIER.**  
Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

**CHOCOLAT - MENIER.**  
Paris, London, New York.  
Sold Everywhere.

**CANARIES.**—R. Maschke (from Andreasberg, Hartz). Upper St., London, proves to anyone he has earned the highest honours for the song of his canaries in the Press, at Exhibitions, from high standing men, men of art and science, by heaps of glowing testimonials from his customers. Interesting brochure, recommended by the "Bazaar," "Fun and Feather," &c., 1s., post f.e.

**PIESSE & LUBIN**  
RARE & PRECIOUS PERFUMES  
**SWEET SCENTS**  
From every flower that breathes a fragrance  
Complimentary Presents  
**GIFTS**  
OR  
Souvenirs of Affection  
2 NEW BOND STREET LONDON

**CLAXTON'S EAR-CAP.**  
PATENT  
For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy.  
In all sizes.  
Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d.  
A. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

**HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA**  
Established nearly a quarter of a century.  
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.  
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co., J. Sanger & Sons, W. Edwards & Son, John Thompsons, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

# THE FAULKNER DIAMOND

Diamond Brooch, 10s. 6d.  
Gold, 25s.  
Diamonds and Gold, 25s.  
Diamond Brooch, 16s.  
Pin and Stud, 17s.  
Diamond Brooch, 21s.; Smaller, 15s.  
Diamond Stars, from 15s. to £5.  
Diamond Marquise Ring, Gold, 25s.  
Set in Gold, 12s. smaller, 8s.  
Diamond Star, 15s.  
Diamond and Pearl Bracelet, 45s.  
Diamond Bracelet, 38s. Centre Stone of Heart Ruby or Sapphire.  
Diamond Arrow, 8s.  
Diamond Spray, 15s.  
Gold Links, 25s. Pair.  
Coronet Setting, 25s.  
Diamond New Moon, 7s. 6d.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations.  
CATALOGUES POST FREE. These WONDERFUL STONES can only be obtained of  
**A. FAULKNER, Manufacturing Jeweller, 90 & 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
**THE BRIGHTON SEASON.**  
Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.  
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available 1 month.  
Pullman Drawing Room Cars between London and Brighton.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK - DAY.**  
A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

**BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY Cheap**  
First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.  
Return Tickets available to return by any Train same day.  
Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY and SUNDAY**  
to SUNDAY, MONDAY, or TUESDAY.—Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued every Saturday and Sunday by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria; from Kensington (Addison Road); and from London Bridge and certain Suburban Stations. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First**  
Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.  
Pullman Drawing Room Cars are run in these Trains from Victoria to Brighton, returning by the 5 and 8.40 p.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EAST-BOURNE.**—Fast Trains every Week-day.  
From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.  
From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m. and 4.5 p.m., also 5.5 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE,**  
through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.  
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).		Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).	
	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.
Victoria	dep. 9.0 8.50	Paris	dep. 9.0 9.0
London Bridge	9.0 9.0	London Bridge	arr. 7.0 7.40
Paris	arr. 6.50 8.0	Victoria	7.0 7.50

Fares—Single, First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.  
Return, First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.  
Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Time Books and Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Lodgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**GRAFTON GALLERIES.**—Now Open from 10 to 6.—EXHIBITION by the leading FRENCH ARTISTS IN DECORATIVE ART.

**FIFTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.**  
**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR.**  
(Perfectly Harmless.)  
**THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF GOUT.**

From the Dean of Carlisle.  
"Sir,—I have so many inquiries on the subject of this letter that it will greatly convenience me, and perhaps benefit many sufferers, if you permit me to say in a few words that I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for 25 years! I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.  
"I remain, yours truly,  
"FRANCIS CLOSE."

Price 9s. per bottle, of all Chemists, or sent post free by F. COMAR & SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.  
Descriptive Pamphlet sent free on application.

**LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE WOOL.**  
18 MEDALS and DIPLOMAS.  
Estab. 1853.  
WADDING, KNEE CAPS, INSIDE SOLES, KNITTING YARN OIL, SOAP PINE NEEDLE EXTRACT FOR Baths.  
For Prevention, Relief, and Cure of GOUT, RHEUMATISM, COLDS, &c.  
Flannels, Underclothing. Sold by all leading Hosiery and Drapers.  
Wholesale Dépôt for Fabrics:  
**WELCH, MARCETSON & CO.,**  
16, 17, Cheapside, London, E.C.  
Of Leading CHEMISTS everywhere.

EXQUISITE MODEL, PERFECT FIT, GUARANTEED WEAR.  
**THE Y&N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET**  
Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the new Sanitary Woolen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.  
CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N Corset is Stamped.  
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.  
Three Gold Medals.

**CALLARD & BOWSER'S BUTTER - SCOTCH**  
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).  
"Really wholesome Confectionery."  
Lancet.

**Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil**  
Tasteless. Pure. Active.  
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.

**Hovis BREAD**  
is more nourishing than  
1-lb. Beef Steak,  
and  
1-lb. White Bread,  
and much more Digestible.  
SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.  
**CURE for INDIGESTION.**  
ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY FOR ALL GROWING CHILDREN.  
Wholesale Manufacturers of the Hovis Biscuits, the  
**NATIONAL BAKERY CO.,**  
Brewery Road, Islington, London, N.  
If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining HOVIS, or if what is supplied as HOVIS is not satisfactory, please write, sending Sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to  
**S. FITTON and SON, MILLERS, MAGGLESFIELD.**  
[Copyright.]



children equally, but certain freehold property of the value of about £4000, settled upon his daughter, is to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1876) of Mr. John William Beetles, late of 553, Liverpool Road, Holloway, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 13 by John William Beetles, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator leaves one moiety of his estate and effects to his son John William; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his son Albert James, for life, and then for his said son John William.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1880), with two codicils (dated Feb. 21, 1880, and Jan. 12, 1887), of Lord Alfred Spencer Churchill, late of 16, Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 15 by Lady Alfred Spencer Churchill, the widow, and Lord Calthorpe, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator gives £500, his shares in any mining company, all the cash in the house, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and there are some bequests to his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his four daughters in equal proportions.

The will of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Charlemagne Dormer, K.C.B., who died on May 3 at Woodside, Ootacamund, Madras, was proved on Nov. 15 by Lord Dormer and the Hon. Hubert Francis Dormer, the brothers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2751.

The will of Mr. Frederick Chaplin, formerly of 65, Cadogan Place, and late of 2, Observatory Avenue, Kensington, who died on Aug. 24, has been proved by

Mrs. Hester Elizabeth Chaplin, the widow, and Frederick William Chaplin, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2993.

"A Naughty Girl," which is a story of 1893, by J. Ashby-Sterry, will be published early in December by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has expressed his warm admiration of "The Stickit Minister," a volume of Scotch stories by the Rev. S. R. Crockett. Mr. Crockett is a minister of the Free Church of Scotland.

It is estimated that the sugar crop of Queensland will this season exceed 80,000 tons. So great has been the expansion of cane-growing in Queensland that the working capacity of the mills is taxed to the utmost.

**HENRY NEWSOME GOODHART**  
deceased.—Pursuant to the Statute 22nd and 23rd Victoria chapter 35 intitled "An Act to further amend the Law of Property and to relieve Trustees." Notice is hereby Given that all CREDITORS and other Persons having any Claims or Demands upon or against the Estate of HENRY NEWSOME GOODHART late of The Manor House Tooting in the County of Surrey Esquire (who died on the 7th day of September 1893 at the Manor House Tooting aforesaid and whose will was proved in the High Court of Justice on the 15th day of November 1893 by Stephen Clowes Goodhart, Joseph Henry Goodhart and Fitz Henry Taylor the Executors named in the said Will) are hereby required to send in the particulars in writing of their said debts, claims or demands to us the undersigned the solicitors for the said Executors on or before the 15th day of January 1894, and notice is hereby Given that after the expiration of such time the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased in accordance with the provisions of his said will having regard only to the claims and demands of which they shall then have had notice, and that the said Executors will not be liable for the amounts or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt, claim or demand they shall not then have had notice. Dated this 17th day of November 1893  
TAMPLIN TAYLER and JOSEPH 165 Fenchurch street London E.C. Solicitors for the said Executors

**CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE**  
(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.  
Prospectus sent free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED STATIONERY.**—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 12s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 6d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS**  
FROM LONDON TO  
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS. Every week.  
via BOMBAY.  
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA STRAITS, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and ALEXANDRIA. Every Fortnight.  
DIRECT SERVICES FROM BRINDISI TO EGYPT and the EAST. Cheap Return Tickets.  
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

**OLD SHIRTS** Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**SHIRTS.—EGIDIUS.** The only Flannel Shirts that never shrink in washing. Three for 3s. 6d., 3s. 6d.; or Single Shirts, 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d. each, carriage free. Write for Patterns to the only Makers.  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING.**  
GENTLEMEN'S UNDERVESTS and PANTS of various weights. Illustrated price-list, patterns of materials, and self-measure free by post from  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD and CO., Makers** of Specialties in Shirts for Evening Wear. With one, two, or three holes for studs in front.  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, E.C.

**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD and CO.** have an immense stock ready made. 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½ inch neck. Fine linen, 6s. 6d.; superior, 7s. 6d.; curiously fine, 9s. 6d.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**"OBESITY."**—Hot weather, sleeplessness, inflammatory diseases, &c., use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It removes excessive fat by simple and natural means, thus you keep the body in a healthy trim. It is cooling, soothing, and health-giving. It is impossible to overstate its great value in keeping the whole system vigorous, and preventing unnecessary disease. It prevents and removes diarrhoea in the earlier stages. Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E.

**WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.**  
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to  
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

**LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.**  
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.  
Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**CIGARES DE JOY cure ASTHMA**  
JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING, WINTER COUGH, and HAY FEVER, and, with a little perseverance, effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent Physicians and Medical Authorities. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children. All Chemists and Stores; Box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.

## THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

WILL POSITIVELY CURE



COUGHS	BRONCHITIS	SORE THROAT
COLDS	HOARSENESS	CROUP
CATARRH	LOSS OF VOICE	NEURALGIA
ASTHMA	DEAFNESS	HEADACHE

From the Rev. CANON FLEMING, B.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen: "Canon Fleming has pleasure in stating that he has used the Carbolic Smoke Ball with great success. Its use not only checked the progress of a heavy Cold in its earlier stages, and removed it, but has prevented it going down into the chest, and preserved his Voice for his public duties."

Price 10s., Post Free. Can be refilled when empty, price 5s.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

**CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., LTD.,**  
27, Princes Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of  
THE CELEBRATED  
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN  
TO  
THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

**PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.**

**RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.**

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

KEBLE'S PATENT. "THE PRESS" PIPE. Sample, post free on receipt of (Address, Keble's Gazette Office, Margate.) 1/6  
Unqualified praise from Journalists and other Gentlemen who smoke "The Press" Pipe.  
STANLEY, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER says: "It is a Gem. The tobacco is burnt to dry ash, its oil is avoided, and it is easily cleaned. What more can be desired by the smoker?"  
THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL: "THE PRESS" PIPE is simple in construction, and presents certain evident advantages."

**"THE COURRIER FRANCAIS"**  
(Tenth Year).  
Weekly Illustrated Paper, the most Artistic of all French Illustrated Publications. Every number contains twelve pages, of which eight are pages of Drawings. Price of Subscription for England: Six Months, 15s. (12s.); One Year, 30s. (24s.). Communications to be addressed to JULES ROQUES, Director of the "Courrier Francais," 14, Rue Segur, Paris. The paper is on sale at the bookstalls at the Cafe Royal, Regent Street; Monico's, Piccadilly Circus; Palmerton Restaurant; and at the French Library, 18, Wardour Street, W.C., where Subscriptions are also received.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST. W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**THE EASY HAIR CURLER**  
TRADE MARK  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.  
They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective

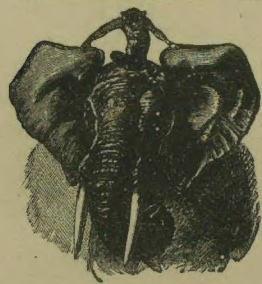


# FAMOUS UAM-VAR WHISKY.

INNES & GRIEVE,  
Edinburgh and London.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.  
**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**  
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

**Beetham's**  
*Glycerine*  
*Cucumber*  
Is INVALUABLE for Preserving  
**THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION**  
from the effects of  
**FROST, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER.**  
It Removes and Prevents all  
**ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, and CHAPS,**  
and  
**Keeps the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and**  
**WHITE during the Coldest Weather.**  
"BEETHAM'S" is the only genuine.  
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d.  
**M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.**



Published Monthly.  
**WARNE'S**  
**ROYAL**  
**NATURAL**  
**HISTORY**  
**ONE SHILLING.**

CHANDOS HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



This inimitable COCA WINE is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and others who suffer from Debility, Exhaustion, Mental Depression, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Voice Fatigue; also to promote Convalescence. Written Testimonials from over 2000 Physicians. "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces."  
Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, 4s. per bottle, or 45s. dozen.

# PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

Every requisite for Mourning Attire in the Latest Fashion kept in Stock.

The First Talent in Dressmaking, and Special Orders Executed in a Day.

Ladies Waited On at Home in any Part of the Country, and Travelling Expenses not Charged.

Made-up Goods and Materials in all Subdued Shades, equally adapted for Wearing out of Mourning. Sketches and Patterns Free.

256 TO 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

# S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water.

Prices, 1s. to 16s. 6d., &c. Sold throughout the Country.  
Manufactory: 176 & 177 STRAND, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1839.

SCHWEITZER'S

"IS STILL THE BEST COCOA."

# Cocoatina

PRICES NOW REDUCED.

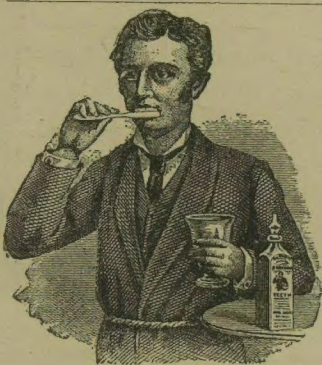
REDUCED PRICES—1 lb., 3s. 4d.; ½ lb., 1s. 9d.; ¼ lb., 11d.

# Allen & Hanburys' "Perfected" Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."  
—Lancet.

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Every where.  
NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).  
LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.



## PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

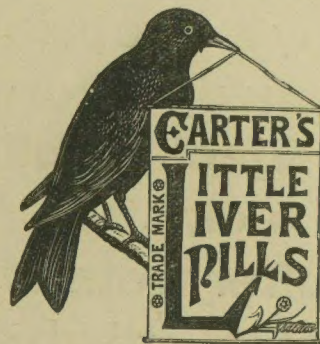
FRAGRANT

# SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.



FOR TORPID LIVER.



FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.  
Small Dose.  
Small Price.  
Forty in a Vial.  
Sugar Coated.  
Purely Vegetable.  
Cure Torpid Liver without fail.  
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST.**  
**CAMBRIC** Children's 1/3 doz. Hemstitched. Ladies' 2/3 doz. Gents' 3/3 doz.

**POCKET**

SAMPLES AND PRICE-LISTS POST FREE.  
**HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST. Manufacturers to the Queen. 1893

# "SANITAS OIL"

Prevents and Cures  
Bronchitis, Influenza, Diphtheria,  
AND ALL  
Lung and Throat Affections.

DIRECTION: INHALE and FUMIGATE with "SANITAS OIL."

PAMPHLETS FREE ON APPLICATION.  
THE SANITAS Co., Ltd., Bethnal Green, London, E.  
"Sanitas" Fumigators, 3/6 each; Pocket Inhalers, 1/- each.

## FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.



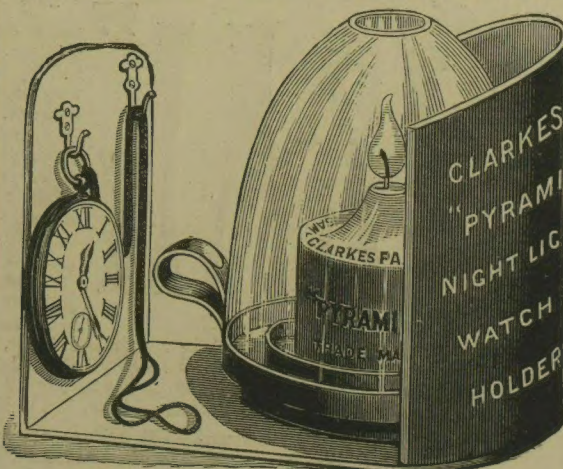
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights.  
N.B.—NO WATER REQUIRED.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder with "Pyramid" Lamp and one Box of Pyramid Lights, packed in box complete, 2s. 4d.; if carriage paid, 4s. Invaluable at every bedside.



Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass (burn 10 hours each). 1s. per Box.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.  
Clarke's "Pyramid" & "Fairy" Light Co., Ltd., London. All communications direct to the Works, Orickwood, London, N.W., where all designs to "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.



6,000,000 BOXES  
YEARLY.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the Public for Half a Century, and have by far the largest sale of any proprietary remedy. Persons subject to bilious attacks, or who suffer from stom-achic disorders, should never be without a box at hand. Their



"WHAT AM GOOD FOR DE MISSOS AM GOOD FOR ME."

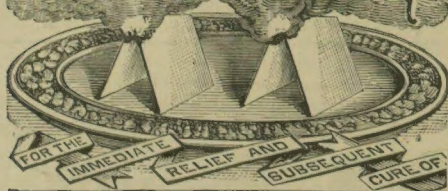
gigantic success and genuine worth are known in every English-speaking country in the world, and the proof of their excellence lies in the fact that they are generally adopted as the family medicine after the first trial.

**BEECHAM'S  
TOOTH PASTE**  
is a most pleasant and reliable denti-frice. It is put up in collapsible tubes at One Shilling each.

## HOVENDEN'S THE FAVOURITE ENGLISH PERFUME.

Always Refreshing, Sweet and Lasting.  
Price 1/ 2/6, 5/6, & 10/6 per Bottle.  
In consequence of imitations please note that  
NONE IS GENUINE UNLESS bearing our  
Name and Trade Mark on Label.  
To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.  
WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

## OZONE PAPER



**ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,  
BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.**

The "Lancet." "A convenient and valuable remedy."  
Dr. Thorewood. "Pure spasmodic Asthma, and Asthma  
due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis  
alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone  
Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my  
Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me  
permanent relief."  
2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the  
Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country  
within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 199, Strand, LONDON.

## JUNO Cycles.



Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd.,  
75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.  
A B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

## ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND  
BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
Dec. 22, 1883.  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,  
Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

**Christmas Cards.  
GRAND EXHIBITION  
NOW OPEN.**  
Greeting Cards, Specially Printed,  
Very Fashionable, Patterns Free.  
**PARKINS & COTTO,**  
54, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

## THE NEW NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANT

**"IZAL"** "IZAL" instantly destroys Infection in its  
most dangerous and virulent forms, stops  
Cholera, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scar-  
let, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sani-  
tary necessity and protector for the sick-room,  
nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its  
disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a  
destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic  
power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. No  
offensive smell can exist near it. It can be used  
for all disinfecting purposes the same as with  
the old-fashioned Disinfectants. Being non-  
poisonous, it is safe under all conditions. Being  
non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or  
irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing  
wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-  
corrosive, it will neither stain nor injure linen,  
bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings,  
furniture, metals, or surgical instruments. CAN BE USED WITH GREAT ECONOMY. Sold  
by Chemists and others in large bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and Gallon Tins, 10s.  
Sample bottle or tin sent Carriage Free, in the United Kingdom, for Postal Order.

The Gallon Tin will make 200 Gallons of powerful Germ-destroying disinfectant,  
costing less than One Penny per Gallon.  
Sole Manufacturers: NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & Co., LTD., THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD.  
London Offices: 19, Great George Street, Westminster; and Thorncliffe House, 331, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.  
The IZAL Pamphlet, containing simple rules for the Protection of Life and Health, sent Post Free.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.  
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."  
TRADE-MARK. REGD.  
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880;  
CALCUTTA, 1884.



RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and  
10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas; 300, 400, 450, 500 and 577 Bore  
Express—Rook Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—380,  
360, 340, 320, 300, and 220 bores, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single  
Hammerless, same bores, 8 to 10 guineas. CAPE GUNS, one  
barrel rifled, other barrel smooth bore for shot or spherical  
bore—28 M.L.'s from 6 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas.  
COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot  
barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter  
forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 360  
to 577 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells.  
Send six stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers,  
the largest Stock in the Trade, to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker,  
32 & 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, Established 1850.  
Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

GENUINE No. 4711 BRAND

OF  
**EAU DE COLOGNE.**

THE PUREST AND STRONGEST  
YET MOST DELICATE  
EVER PRODUCED.

Case of  
Six  
Bottles,  
12/6

THE WORLD says: "Anyone  
desirous of getting a thoroughly  
genuine Cologne cannot do better  
than send for a bottle of  
the '4711' Double Ex-  
tract. Once having used  
it, repetition is a foregone  
conclusion."  
Large selection of  
Choicest Perfumes,  
Toilet Soaps, &c. Quint-  
uple Concentrated Ex-  
tracts, made from Fresh  
Flowers gathered at Grasse  
Of all Dealers in Perfumes,  
or at the  
LONDON BRANCH:  
62, NEW BOND ST., W.  
(One door from Brook St.)  
Price-Lists on application  
to Mr. J. REUTER, Manager.  
And at Cologne,  
New York,  
Vienna, Riga, and  
Odessa.